

Maclean's



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Yes, Danny is going to make it.

No, he won't.

Danny's a brilliant student. There's no end to what he wants to learn. Yet Danny's no hermit. He really enjoys a good time.

That's the problem. It's not that he sets out to drink too much, but once Danny starts he often forgets he has a limit, and then it's too late.

Danny would be wise to see a doctor, except he says it's just a phase he's going through. His work hasn't suffered yet.

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won't make it.

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**Beneath the
shattering palace**
One of the ways the
rich stay rich is by

under \$2,000, has 100-horsepower computers, and 5,000 or greater computers who do not have more business than in most cases, then really put a office bus. Grand Central is a haven where, by fast trains or local, commuters from all over the world—including Canada—avoid paying their taxes. While Steward reports that his business isn't doing any better, paying Canadian taxes on income from his business is a year at least.

Joshua's journey: A large defense and a thundering down on the quarterback coming in on his third set. Seconds later he's helping the stadium go to his feet and cheering for "Joshua." In the past five years, as Jack's career as the "center" has come to mean as much an athlete who can "blend" Cheri's as possible, Joshua downed "Rebel" a football game as many as 25 times. After leading Rutgers to the 2003 NCAA "B" Cup, he found Hana and subsequently the sport hockey, a sport coach found Hana and kept a player on the team according to his teammates, only because he was following "Tom Reiterer." Water: Dan Prosser/Prosserpress how the look became the "Christie" team.

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process. Husband Hanfield had a drive-in too, he would not only watch *Newswatch*, with an important new industry but just the process's mine on the lip of the world. Bridget's drive-in cost Hanfield \$23 million before it finally popped out after the year, leaving the Philadelphia entrepreneur a spark gap from bankruptcy. The few cars he did produce cost as much as Cadillac, but not to look as well. Bridget, as writer Michael Knight discovered, did not have a better side. **Page 64**

Inside Maclean's

Mike Koolhaas' mother's correspondence in 1916 was ravaged. His (1913) page 273 has pretty good notes on racial equality while time he was reading his cousin's letters in late December 1916: 2-53 page. It was when the mother should look outside the bedroom and everything that (1913) left the room three minutes before! Having survived that, Russ went off to his office. His (1913) held a letter from his cousin, shot at him and around, a machine gunner pointed him down a between two cars, but he wasn't taken down. He came back through the nearby door, where he returned home. He was taken prisoner by the leftist Modest faction. They told him that if he had anything he was dead then on his lips, everything he was dead then on his lips. In fact, the



was only a black ass, but at the time it was being held by about 300 Christians and being hit to pieces by an undertrained member of Moslems who had surrendered. Rums now lives in a ritzy life style with no one else. He was glad to look after the care of most of the first group of prisoners. He was a good guard and they had to report to him, which accepted no pain. When he's not feeding him, he's not judging any business on pain of the voice on — which took him recently to the vantage positions of Zohar and Ash, who shoot people in the Moslems even for about \$12 a day. The captives finally die with the news in front. Ash asked: "How do you know I won't be the next one to die?" The guard answered: "How do you know the guard is a good?" Rums replied that he didn't. Okay. Ash said, "I'll see you again."



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Interview

With ALAN EAGLESON

For many Canadians the mention of the name Alan Eagleson conjures up a picture of the man crossing the Luskov for Palace in Moscow. His hand raised in a gesture of defiance toward 14,000 young Soviet hockey fans. It was the first time of the last game of the 1972 series between Canada and the USSR. Alan Eagleson was being escorted by the safety of the Canadian bench, having been escorted by several Team Canada players from a row with the Russian police. He was already well known as Bobby Orr's lawyer and agent. The founder and sponsoring head of the N.H.A. Association and the man put for whom that first Canada-Russia series would never have taken place. But it wasn't until that tense moment with the millions of Canadians watching on television he told the press man Soviet fans to go to hell that Alan Eagleson became a truly national figure. In the three years since, his influence in the world of hockey has only increased. He's today still negotiating contracts for Orr, still running the players' association and now at work on a world hockey tournament for Canada in the fall of 1978. Alan Eagleson is unquestionably the most powerful man in the game. Hans Pohl, a writer and CBC television reporter, interviewed Alan Eagleson recently for *Maclean's*.

Maclean's: Have you ever played hockey?

Eagleson: I played hockey at university. It was never much good. I was a good lacrosse player, good swimmer, played basketball at university. I played every sport that was easy to do in those days. I think the reason I like to take up hockey now is that I got dropped from a team when I was 35, and I've had recuperation ever since. I've been in a hospital for 10 weeks in grade 11 and weighed 80 pounds and I was 5'6". I finished high school at 16 and I was still a little guy. That I could not faster than most people and I could swim faster than most people and I could play basketball better than most people. I still get pushed around.

Maclean's: How did you get involved in professional hockey?

Eagleson: In 1959, I had played hockey with Bobby Ryan. I went into law school, he went into hockey. By the time I'd finished law school he was an established lawyer. We got talking about his contract and about his money and so on. They weren't making much then—about \$10,000 (\$12,000 a year). We set up a life mortgage company called the Blue and White Group

Limited. Bobby Ryan, Cecil Brewer, Billy Harris and a couple of businessmen and a couple of accountants. It went very well. Then, two or three years later we came up with a concept related to hockey players and their implications. I considered one of my professors at law school, and he came up with an idea and we met with Mr. President Chester Campbell. "Oh, it's a great idea, splendid, fine, he said. And I said 'Fine, when can I present this to the government?' And he said, 'Oh, I'll have to present it to the government.' The government



**I NOW FIND MYSELF
CAST AS GOLIATH
RATHER THAN DAVID,
AND I DON'T LIKE IT**

wasn't even in Ottawa in the middle of winter. Never heard of anything so stupid. Next thing you know after Campbell's sitting on how great an idea it was, he says the owners wouldn't go for it. Then Stanford Smyke said to me, "Alan, Eagleson, you were going to sue the players \$3,500. If you'd only offered to give us half that, setting it would have worked for it. I thought that one day I would be back to these governments with something they couldn't turn down, and five years later it happened. I walked in with the National Hockey League Players' Association."

The biggest problem I have right now is to make the public understand that the players are committed to better hockey. We was a charter school, so more expansion was a cut from 18 teams to 12. We'd like to

see hockey go back to the level it used to enjoy. The owners have diluted the talent by expansion. They had six teams in '66-'67, they had 12 teams in '67-'68, they had 14 in '68-'69, they had 16 in '69-'70, they had 18 in '70-'71. They were talking of going to 20 and then 24 and now it's just more teams to make that they're better. So, it's 18. I can tell you that if we had only 12 teams in the National Hockey League, it'd still be better than our situation. Who can get excited about watching the Kansas City Scouts playing the Washington Capitals? Who can get excited about watching the Toronto Maple Leafs play the Washington Capitals? Who's the sixth, seventh and eighth player of important ability on the Boston Bruins, never mind the Kansas City Scouts? Name five players in the California Seals.

Maclean's: The negotiations with the NHL that Bobby Orr was involved in this past summer—how serious were they?

Eagleson: Oh, it was serious and it may become heated. The difficulty is that a lot of people and some stupid people said "Oh, he's using the media to negotiate." A lot of people are saying, "Boy, oh boy. They put us on. They tricked us." They forget that, although the players have a hard way now, it was always so. I think that maybe I'm getting even a little for all those Mr. Max Belders, Syd Apps, Gordie Howe, Rocket Richard, Doug Harvey, fellows who deserved to earn more money, but never got it.

Maclean's: Where is the players' association now? A sense of going from the owners into a sense?

Eagleson: Our position is one of considerable strength. In the past three months we've had about 12 days of negotiations with the owners that will indicate a stability in hockey for another five years. We have confirmation with respect to no merger with the NHL and that justified our withdrawing the threat of an ultimatum. We'll have a five-year collective bargaining agreement with the owners that will include the joint venture agreement between players and owners related to amateur and hockey. The players have finally persuaded owners, at least in our opinion, that they are an important ingredient in important events in the winter sports being set before the law, and that they have to be bargained with before changes can be made. The player reps are all the best players, and that's the major difference between hockey and the other sports. Something I learned quickly was that they hate more to Bobby Orr. The players rep

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players in Canada and the pension funds of the wins and losses, proponents with the winners of players involved from each organization.

Melchers: *Let's turn to you. What would you be doing now if you hadn't been associated with hockey?*

Engleman: Well, I think I might be in the Ontario legislature, because I was elected in 1963. In 1967 I lost by 1,400 or 2,000 votes, after having won by 3,000. So once alternative might have been continued in the provincial cabinet, maybe in the provincial cabinet. But that is all speculation. I know I'd be practicing law. I was a reasonably competent lawyer. I think my law training has taught me to think on my feet and to appear to be answering a question quickly when in fact I'm searching while I get the right answer ready.

Take the owners. They may not like me but I enjoy their respect. I can sit with the six owners who can't run a business point of view like me. Some of my good friends—no good friends, some people with whom I get along very well—own or manage hockey teams. I consider Sam Pollock, who is one of Canada's foremost authorities on Canadian art, a good friend. Ed Snijders, Bill White, the owners of Philadelphia and Chicago. Harold Ballard—I was his partner, along with Bobby Orr in the '72 season to make sure that some body didn't make an end-run and cheat Hockey Canada out of its money.

Melchers: *A gentleman by the name of Bob Webster Boston is quoted as saying that you're generous. Is that right?*

Engleman: If he ever said I was a generous he's wrong. If he said that it would be an off-the-record bias, because I know that Bob White is afraid of me, and if he ever said that about me he knows that wouldn't stand. He is a very good man and a good leader. He comes to me for advice with respect to his clients. If he is correct, then the players have an obvious alternative. They don't have to hire me. I don't go soliciting business. Bob White values my clients, that's why he gets mad at me.

Melchers: *What is your arrangement with your clients? Do you charge a fee, a percentage?*

Engleman: People ask me if I can help them, and we sit down at the end of every contract and strike a deal. I don't want to talk about it, and once I agree on what I think the figure is they have two choices: pay it or not pay it, on the understanding that if it's not acceptable they walk out. They've got their contract negotiated, but don't bother me ever again. Now in all my history that has not happened.

Melchers: *How many players do you actually represent?*

Engleman: I would say—and I'm guessing because I don't know exactly—between 120 and 150.

Melchers: *What would be the average fee per player?*

Engleman: You can't do it that conceptually. Sometimes it involves people

other than players. Kenes Magnum is an example. We have been able to help Kenes earn an excess of half-a-million dollars and I don't think we've billed her any more than \$5,000 or \$6,000. But in the case of Bobby Orr, he's a very big business and it involves a lot of work and he pays a high fee for my services. I don't play hockey for him, but I keep an eye on all his offers, his investments. Really with Orr, I'm more like a big brother trying to help him along the path of life the same way I would expect to look after my son if he was big.



'ORR WRITES HIS OWN CHEQUES, BUT I HAVE A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON EVERY ONE'

doing something that required all of his attention. If Bobby had to go through what I have to go through on his behalf it would have a dramatic effect on his hockey. He writes all his own cheques, but I have a running commentary of every cheque he writes. Not necessarily in my accountant's role, but I keep an eye on Bobby.

Melchers: *Could you list for me the things you're involved in that have to do with hockey?*

Engleman: The players' association is first and foremost. Representation of retired and players. The international hockey team—I'm on the board of Hockey Canada and vice-chairman of its international committee. I talk so, I would guess, 10 to 15 amateur hockey players a week, players who are having a problem with their organization. I don't charge any fee for work I do for amateurs. If I can talk the club into paying me a minimal fee, fine. If I can't, we just shorth it. But for a parent to be worried about a 12-year-old being pressured from playing hockey because he has 400 feet away from the rink is a huge-type of problem. I can generally assist with a phone call. I'm the secretary of Bobby Orr Enterprises. It's a company that supplies

Ort to various products, public appearances, it's the holder of all of the rights to a hockey camp in Ontario that does 2,500 players a year at \$150-\$160 a week. It is involved in such things as the Prince-Mohammed Al right.

Melchers: *How would you estimate the size and success of your business?*

Engleman: I make the bulk of my income from practicing law. I'm very happy with my income, but I think it's a private matter. I have a myriad of companies, I have a lot of employees. I know that my hockey and sports businesses and Bobby Orr Enterprises employ 10 to 20 people, in addition to the people we employ at the hockey camp, so it's not a simple matter. The gross income is a guideline but the gross revenues from hockey, I suppose, are about \$350,000-\$400,000 a year. I practice a lot. I do a lot of consulting work, a lot of negotiations for such companies as Victoria & Benson, the major Canadian advertising agency, for Standard Brands, a major Canadian company. These companies hire me because I can bring something to them. We have a change a half, for I've got no complaints. I've got a big mortgage on a big house and I hope to pay off my big mortgage.

Melchers: *Can you name someone who has more clout in hockey in North America than you have?*

Engleman: Clint is a word a lot of people use. It's a word that would suggest that I throw my weight around in the hockey scene. I think I can honestly say that I know of no one whom the players have more trust in than me. As a result, I with their support, can have a significant impact on the future of hockey. But if I lose their support, I don't have anything. Hopefully, I'm not going to lose their support. I've had this philosophy with the players' association from the start. I've got it going. I've acted two or three times and they've always declined my offer. So my deal with them is that I'll stay in long as you want me; as long as I can help you. I enjoy the players' association work because it's the kind of bargaining I like. When it's all over you can sit down and have a drink. It reminds me so much of the practice of law. It's difficult for the public to understand, but the other guy's an opponent until the case is over and then you go back to being friends. I can be mean with an owner, but when the negotiations are over you can go back to where you were.

Punch Imlach took the pension in 1967 that once he'd been there about 10 years the players' association had to be had and therefore I was bad. The first step for themselves. A lot of players like Max Bentley, Doug Bentley, Bill Apps, Rocky Richer, they were widespread. Cass Smythe made a use of money out of hockey. The Melchans family took the Montreal Canadiens to the Bruins was first a use of money. The Norm family has made a lot of money out of hockey. The Adams made millions out of hockey with the Bruins. I don't have



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'MY GUESS IS I COULD HAVE CAMPBELL'S JOB IF I SOUGHT IT. I'VE TURNED IT DOWN ONCE'

say sympathy. The owners say poor now, but they didn't get out any extra business when they were making tons of money. If they're hurting now, let them get out of the business.

McMahon: What do you think of the Brian sale, spouting of money?

Segerson: Minister of business. The old owners were at broadcasting. They used the Brian, in my opinion, to improve their television ratings on channel 35. It turned the television station around. They did a dividend strip that cleaned the Brian out of cash. They walked out with a multi-million-dollar profit for three or four years. The new people are conscientious, and I think they'll make their ultimate dollar by the fact that they now own the best and biggest facility in New England. Now, these new owners are with their ability to run operations. I'm not convinced either stage that they have the ability to run a hockey franchise. The negotiations with them have been reasonable. There seems to be some concern over Bobby Orr's health be-

cause he happened to have been operated upon. Bobby's convinced that he knew will be all right because the doctors have told him so. If he's wrong, we've gambled and lost. But it's not a bad gamble when you have behind you the financial stability that Bobby has. So they're not going to force me or Bobby into a corner. If Orr's not healthy we'll have a decision to make that will be very simple. "Isn't that tough? I'm going to have to retire from hockey and get away from this hot shot and retire to my hockey camp and have to wait two months of the year instead of 12." He has no financial problems at all. His only problem would be satisfying himself that he can go on without playing hockey.

McMahon: Would you want Clarence Campbell's job?

Segerson: I've turned it down in the past, and my guess is that I could have it if I sought it. I have not the least interest in it, however. I made my choice in 1967 when I was a young, headstrong guy who was recruited by the Springfield Indians and I took the side of the player and I'll stick to the player. I've turned down the offer to be president of the WHA. I could have any number of things made available to me. I always felt, as Casey Stengel would say, "Remember the guy that brings ya." What interests I've had is directly attributable to people who have faith in me—the players. I am quite happy. I have more fun talking with the players than talking to the owners

and, as the fellow says, "There are a lot more players than owners."

McMahon: Then you're not interested in running your own team or owning your team?

Segerson: Not at the least. There are a lot of factors in my life. I enjoy my family, I enjoy my political involvement. I'm president of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party and have been since '68. There will be another election in '76, and my guess is that I'll seek reelection, because I know that I can contribute the view of the little guy. I've always remembered one thing: that I was a little guy in high school, and for that reason I've never appreciated a bully. You never have a fight with a little guy because you can't win, even if you beat him. With the players' association we're the little guy against the big guy. Our biggest problem is to make sure that we don't become the Goliath. Unfortunately, by success and by a series of events, I find myself now cast in a Goliath role rather than a David role. I don't like it, but I have to tolerate it, and that's why I have to soften the attitude of some players who don't realize that the public is not sympathetic to a bull. We don't want the players' association to be seen as the bull wagging the dog. I think we've got it now that they're the head and we're the back end but we're as important as they are. I don't want to see the dog starting to walk backward to appease the ass end. ☐

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Letters

Fighting the odds in Quebec

I disagree with Thomas van Dorpe's opening statement (January/February 6) that "There is a kind of racism born of raw frustration to which minorities like people are subject. They want to do their own thing in their own language to be masters of their own destiny. The only difficulty is that some of this is possible—not for the French Canadians, nor for the Irish, nor for the Ukrainians in Russia. It is impossible because it implies neglect or ignorance that there are other people in the world, one is not alone, and one must accommodate."

Leaving aside the example of the Irish (who should not be included in the list as their identity is a sovereign people) the list could be extended to include the Basques, Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Slovenes, Scots and Tibetans. All these peoples have been at some time in the past, by force or other means, incorporated into a larger political union and stripped of any effective political power.

They were not, as Van Dorpe says, "representatives of other people in the world." Indeed most were proudly aware of who they were and they noted that peoples in France, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Finland, Denmark and Russia in Africa were allowed to speak their own languages and to control their own destinies, modified only by international agreements.

Van Dorpe's reasoning would have been more sound had he noted that it is the Russians who will not accommodate the Ukrainians, not vice versa. Over a long period the Russians have formulated policies designed to deny the Ukrainians the use of their own language and the

possess of their own culture by attempting to impose Russian on their Ukrainians, of course is not a part of Russia but part of the world.

British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, recently dismissed the widespread sentiment as a view of others. Shortly after repudiating claims from Scottish nationalists that they should control the oil off the Scottish coast, Wilson suggested to the European Economic Community that Britain should have some control over and a share of the oil resources, because it was British oil and would remain so.

BORRIS H. BINGHAM, OTTAWA

A perfect ending

Hallelujah for Carole Taylor Dusen's *How To Be Poetic* (October 6). All we need for the climax to the love story is Art Phillips ending up in the maternity ward and Carole popping up on W3 singing *You're A Mean M*, Baby.

BERT BARRETT, KAMLOOPS BC

Misplaced trust

Peter Newman in *The Hundred Million Dollar Club* (October 6) very successfully, albeit unintentionally, points my husband's point regarding the media. The article says that "Newman also holds 15% of Hanes and Eric Mortgage Corporation and its subsidiary, Canada Trust Company controls Canadian General Insurance and Toronto General Insurance." Max has not had any connection or association with Canadian General Insurance or Toronto General Insurance for more than 20 years. In addition my husband does not hold 15% or even 1% of Hanes and Eric Mortgage Corporation. The 15%

Editor's Note

Because of transcription errors between Maclean's Ottawa Bureau and Toronto, our profile of Justice Minister Ron Bayfield (November 1) quoted him as saying two things he didn't in fact say. We quoted Bayfield: "My personal view, I haven't seen, an alternative is available." There should have been brackets around "I haven't seen" as this was the writer's comment. Similarly Bayfield did not say he "has always existed in the real world, perhaps, François." The "perhaps François" was the writer's note and should have been bracketed. To the new Justice Minister, we and the readers apologize.

MAURICE H. HANCOCK and Eric Mortgage Corporation is held by a publicly owned investment trust which has more than 2,000 shareholders. Min is chairman of the trust. There is a definite difference. MRS. MAXWELL C. G. MCKENNA TORONTO

I am a friend and admirer of Stephen Roman, chairman of Denton Minto Ltd. and member of Peter Newman's *The Hundred Million Dollar Club*. I think the reference to Roman as the most flamboyant abuse of journalistic privilege I have ever witnessed in the brief annals of *Maclean's*, Newman's serious misrepresentation of facts and creation of a vacuum out of context, and incorrect conclusion into a presentation of a man's personality and achievements that, I feel, is inaccurate and unfair.

For example, Newman writes Roman's entry into electoral politics in 1972 and 1974 as Roman "trying to collect on the pledge of a cabinet post." This is a totally erroneous conclusion and does not reflect the motivations that Roman clearly expressed when he entered politics. (The Roman's friendship for and past support of former U.S. President Richard Nixon is presented in a veiled form of push-by-association. The article also fails to describe the reasons for Roman's original support for Nixon. The statement that "Trudeau turned down his (Roman's) scheme to sell Denton" is again a gross oversimplification of a most complicated financial arrangement. Contrary to the tone of Newman's comments, the sale would have resulted in a Canadian company gaining operational control of a substantial American firm.

It is unfortunate that Maclean's appears to have sacrificed accuracy and fairness for readability and controversy.

RON FORD, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

To see a world in a grain of sand...



Pause awhile

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Preview

THE LATEST OLYMPICS PANIC: CON IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

Beyond all the smoke over the possible non-completion of the stadium for Montreal's 1976 Olympics, there is more likely to be a smudge pot than a fire. And the "conformation" between Quebec Premier Jean-Jacques Lussier and the federal government was so easy, the 70,000-seat \$400-million stadium could be completed by July—and games postponed, as general Roger Reaume—who said alternative arrangements were out of the question—may have been forced to concede. The idea would be essentially to create a game situation that would clear the way for another reversion option to be brought in, or an ad-



Reaume: Not the games begin

ditional cost of \$100 million, to get the stadium completed. Considering the kind of back-log that is building against the nearly one-billion-dollar cost of the games it would not have been planned to get about acquiring the extra money in the normal way. The game is thus if anything is sacrificed in the case of losing time and money will be the raised stadium tower, and/or the convertible roof, neither is needed for the games.

The SALT is running President Ford's Sunday Morning "Museum" specifically the dumping of defense secretary James Schlesinger may very well have set the stage for a successful—most gratifying—condemnation to the so-called round of Roman-American strategic arms limitation talks (SALT) with Schlesinger's as-



Brezhnev: A pillar of SALT

legal Nounette and military hard-hat out of the picture the scenario should unfold something like this: Soviet Communist Party leader Leonid Brezhnev will visit Washington in January and in a flourish he and Ford will co-sign the 10-year Strategic Arms Limitation agreement. Ford will benefit politically because the signing will come just weeks before the New Hampshire Presidential primaries, and so will Brezhnev at the twenty-fifth Party Congress in February where the strategy will be to play up the foreign policy success of the incumbent leader. Schlesinger's assistance that Russia's new nuclear bomb is included in the 2,400 nuclear weapons each nation is allowed under the proposed agreement—and that new American Cruise missiles have exploded—has apparently held up the signing for months.

Yves-Vous couchez?

For fans of Canada's 1976 Olympics, Quebec's decision was a national joke, or a national scandal depending on the beholder. But for most of the past decade, Quebec has had the lowest birthrate in the country and thus, as compared with a more stable of French-speaking immigrants to the province and an exodus of Quebecers because a game, for them it was not just a loss of population but more a loss of the dwindling and disappearance of the French Part. The response to all this has been the

establishment of a yet unannounced new provincial ministry, to be called either Population or Human Resources. The coupling, intermingled with manpower, some social services and some education, the province will attack an zero population growth on a number of fronts. It's expected for example that baby bonuses will be increased, to make fertility more attractive again, and that improvement will be made to the lack-luster day-care system. On the immigration side the province, armed with a new concession from Ottawa that increases its powers in the following areas, will be increasing its overseas recruitment from 15,000 to 30,000 and intensifying efforts to find immigrants who will be "suitable" to Quebec's needs.

Cling, cling, cling...

A while generation of Vancouverites has grown up without ever having seen or experienced the smoggy cauldron of smoke they've visited Toronto or one of the handful of American cities where smoggy air still reigns. But in January that situation will be remedied as the municipal affairs minister, James Lennox, will have a strict order to display in suburban areas a new smog warning system of smog-pollution—the sleek German-built smogmeter is a far cry from the clackety-clackety of yore—but is intended to self-ventilate on the streets in the public house device of the famous light sensors, city politicians are already planning

to hear it. What they want is a subway system, and the smog will be laid over their collective dead body.

Hockey Night in Limbo

When the special lights for color television were installed in Maple Leaf Gardens back in the late Sixties, there was a dispute as to who would pay for them. Hockey Night in Canada (the arm of MacLaren Advertising that handles the television) or the Gardens. Harold Ballard asked the owner by walking up to the MacLaren man, walking a double-barrel. "You have five minutes to decide who pays," the Gardens president announced. "and if you haven't decided, I'll cut the cable [the main cable for the rights]." MacLaren decided—and paid. But Ballard wasn't able to walk back into battle with Hockey Night in Canada so easily. Next month he is down to negotiate a new television contract for Leaf games and he's going to be demanding substantially more than the current \$15 million per year. Hockey Night has been paying for the past five years. Ballard and three years ago he wanted at least two million dollars a year. There is some speculation that Hockey Night won't pay what Ballard wants. Or don't. Depending on the outcome, a cutback from two games a week to one and increased production costs may result. And two of the most prominent players in the game and Molson's are seriously wondering whether it's all worth it.



Subway: Also, many years ago, before subway came...

LABOR SCREAMS, TRUDEAU SHRUGS

The government and the unions appeared to be locked in a stalemate as the money entered its second month under wage and price controls: the government continuing to sit on the controls, the unions continuing to reject it. The first casualty was the Post Office, as negotiations between the government and striking postal workers broke down on the morning of November 6, leaving the two sides almost as far apart as a year earlier in their war when the money began 15 days earlier. The union was still asking for a 5½% increase spread over 27 months and the government was still offering 3½% over 30 months, the maximum allowable under the wage-price guidelines which it offered. Until the strike workers to the same settlement the letter carriers got earlier this year.

There could be many more such deadlocks, as an effort to wrap up general opposition to the controls program. The Canadian Labor Congress is trying to raise \$500,000 for a massive advertising campaign. The campaign will be handled by Canada Advertising of Montreal, a adver-



The backing: a post office stand still, direct mail houses are faced to burning

one problem law that I'm prepared to discover no matter what the cost," he declared.

Elsewhere, the anti-controls sentiment among the unions seemed just as strong. In Ontario, Labor Federation president David Archer predicted "all hell will break loose" after the first wage roll-back is recommended by the government's Anti-Inflation Board in Quebec. There was talk of a general strike. A series of strikes and walkouts could run the anti-inflation program by causing more problems than it could ever hope to cure. But, outwardly at least, the government was still meeting the union opposition with a strong Trudeau attitude: it "not too serious" and Anti-Inflation Board chairman Jean-Luc Pepin dismissed it as merely a "bumping position."

Behind the scenes, however, there were signs of a frantic effort to reach a compromise with labor. On November 5, Morris and the C.I.C. executive were invited to a private meeting with Trudeau Finance Minister Donald Macdonald, Labor Minister John Murray, Conservative Affairs Minister André Ouellet and Unions Affairs Minister Barney Danson. They met for two hours, with no reports leaking in or out, and although nothing was said there was talk of another meeting later this month. Macdonald said afterward "The C.I.C. is still extremely skeptical about our ability to control prices. We have to prove to them that we can be effective in this area as well as on the wage

side." Morris was less tolerant. "Why don't you leave that thing alone?" he asked. "You're just trying to create a new frustration. The media has created enough problems already."

The private talks between labor and government helped feed rumors that there are more changes to come in the anti-inflation program as the government attempts to placate labor. Already the government has agreed to exempt people earning less than \$130 a year. Macdonald has also indicated that professionals such as doctors and lawyers could face an income surtax to ensure their salaries do not go up by more than the maximum allowable amount of \$2,400 in one year.

To meet more demands for new measures to bring the price of housing within reach of the average man, the government announced a major program to subsidize mortgage rates. All complex regardless of income will now be eligible for interest-free loans to bring the effective mortgage rate down from the current level of 12½ to 8%. But the houses purchased with these loans must be new and sold less than the government's regional price level ranging from a high of \$45,000 in Toronto and Vancouver to \$25,000 in Montreal. All those prices only highest condominiums are available in some cities.

To gain support for the anti-inflation program from business leaders the government is also likely to announce more on its own spending later this month or early

in December. The Prime Minister's office is one arm facing controls. The military's spending plan for replacing its jet fighter fleet with a new generation of fighter planes from the United States is another likely casualty. Social welfare expenditures, already released in John Turner's last budget in June, may face further reductions.

If the government fails to win widespread backing from both labor and business leaders, it is likely to simply wait out the opposition and hope the general public, especially rank-and-file union members, support the program. In the case of the postal workers, Parliament General Royce Maclean rejected back-to-work legislation in a referendum. "If the men want to sit on strike for three more months, I'm not going to interfere in that," he said reportedly. Maclean is clearly hoping the postal workers will be going drifting back to work despite their leaders' calls for continuation of the strike.

This distrust has not been as severe as many postal critics predicted before the strike. Generalized anti-business were offered in their claim from abroad but Canadians who have suffered through prolonged postal troubles in the past seem to have adjusted to the current mail at least with equanimity. Much of the slack between receipts and expenditures, for example, was taken up by chartered banks. In Vancouver, Royal Bank spokesman Dave Lunnely said his institution alone has lost "many hundreds of thousands of dollars" to customers with mail delays during the past few weeks. The Royal's generosity, however, has been extended—like that of other banks—only to its best customers. CIBC Bank in Halifax, for instance, found its bank would not grant but further credit to meet its \$1 million overdraft payment so he took to the road on his own, withdrawing debts.

The strike is costing Canada's 17,000 letter carriers \$700,000 a day in lost wages while the 20,000 value workers get up \$600,000 daily in the hope of higher future earnings. But the government, even-handedly give in to the postal workers' demands and still maintain credibility in its controls program. It is a position that makes Donald Macdonald, just as weeks ago his new portfolio, look a little awkward. "When people ask me how I feel," he says, "I tell them I feel like a man who has fallen off a 30-story building and will have 15 minutes to go to the bottom. I feel like—now!" **—TIMOTHY MARTIN**

The word from the green room

Pierre Trudeau as president of the Liberal Party delegates voted against calling a leadership convention at their biennial meeting this month in Ottawa's disappointing. "There's good news and there's bad news," wrote the *Post* after the vote. The bad news is that the Liberal Party's leadership is not as strong as it once was. The good news is that the knowledge that a vote of 20 per cent or

more would overturn the leader. 19 per cent of the delegates sent Trudeau a message he couldn't ignore. It was only 10 per cent more than the dominant faction led by the late leadership movement two years ago. The prime minister acknowledged the vote was "a significant measure of dissatisfaction" but does not indicate any immediate plans to seek the dissent.

His advisers were disappointed by the outcome but not necessarily surprised. These are not the best of times for the party, whose membership is uncertain in the nation at large. In addition, there is a sense that Trudeau's tenure from the concerns of the rank-and-file. Some Liberals are upset at the departure from cabinet of John Turner who flew to a Mexican vacation before the election or to avoid even the appearance of a personal showdown with Trudeau. The true reflection of the outcome, however, came in behind-the-scenes machinations that resulted in the nomination of a new party president, the enigmatic Nova Scotia senator Alexander (Al) Graham. He was the candidate of the



Graham: suddenly alive in the ring

party's grassroots, such was Graham's support that Trudeau's inner circle ultimately decided to oppose him. In the best Liberal tradition, the decision was made before the convention opened in an unusually confidential manner by delegates and the brass line.

The Liberals put on a public display of bonhomie, posing all the resolutions as key issues divided by their leaders. And they conventionally ended in a vote on whether to demand resignation that could have been based on an issue the cabinet is trying to cool. One Saskatchewan Liberal delegate concluded appropriately "Our people don't euthanize the party."

The undercurrent note about the scene in the Liberal ballroom was that it was unexciting—and that the lightning rod was Senator Keith Dewar, whose clout in the party stems from his good connections across the country. A justice and renowned writer living in Preston, N.S., Dewar once wrote Pierre Trudeau's top Anglo magazine, maintaining the campaign that gave Trudeau a majority in the 1974 election. Since then, however, Dewar has

somehow left the impression that he and a small group of Ottawans were making a new grab for power. "Keith is full of power. I tell of power!" concluded one anti-Dewar insider. "But also full of capacity for making enemies because of his old-fashioned abrupt and ruthless style." When, after a failed vote, Trudeau came to make his Senate colleague, C.I. Mulroney, out of the party presidency, the result was on.

Mulroney said he would be opposed if he sought re-election, although recently he had more expected another two-year term. When he was not consulted on the planned appointment of a new national party director, Mulroney had a strong reaction with Trudeau, Mulroney who never close to Trudeau, and also suggests the man who is to be a first step but would not have what he did not like. The issue came to a head during heated meetings of the Liberal 30-member national executive on the weekend of September 6 and 7 in a House of Commons committee room. After some time, Mulroney was seen leaving Trudeau and Mulroney, to name the new director, lawyer Gerry Robinson.

Not long after the meeting Mulroney left Ottawa on a two-week tour. Because the situation did not seem serious, as it seems where he can be reached, there were no signs that Mulroney was drumming up support for reelection against a Dewar candidate. Instead, Mulroney talked up the convention with delegates and helped persuade Graham to declare a minority leader, Dewar and his old party. He was the principal secretary to Trudeau, joined on Liberal as Tony Abbott, a mutual Toronto politician. Not long after the meeting, Mulroney was seen leaving Trudeau in the room.

The decision proved to be as surprising as it appeared. Graham would beat Dewar. There was strong sentiment that Dewar, as one Liberal close to the action put it, was "trying to square the circle" by seeking to add the presidency to his strong claim in the role of effective leader of the government's minority, supporting the anti-Dewar faction commanded "If Dewar and Cairns take over the party, that will be the end of it. To them, power is all that matters." The decision was a hand-off gesture. One week before the convention, Dewar let it be known he was not a candidate.

Graham, with 15,000 votes of Liberal pollsters behind him, was left in control for a non-renewable term. He said he was a business man, a \$25,000 (including \$1,500 for a convention organizer, \$1,300 for postage, \$1,000 for telephone and \$700 for food and beer for volunteers). Graham was born in the coal town of Donaghmore, N.S., and worked his way through university in the 1950s. He was a member of the N.S. in the 1950s, he has also been a reporter and broadcasting executive. He left his job in 1971 of the Cape Breton Development Corporation for the Senate in 1972.



Macdonald: let them stand before us

as firm of the new and will involve newspapers, radio and possibly television. Before adopting the anti-controls campaign, C.I.C. delegates agreed to discuss the issue with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau as they were supposed to be a closed meeting at the Château Laurier Hotel in Ottawa. But reporters listening through the kitchen heard C.I.C. president Joe Morris denounce the plan "I'll tell you this is

Gagnon ducked the press in a small room meeting on the Davy conference, but he did get caught by "The national office must bring the grain roads talking to the Prime Minister and I mean talking directly to the PM. I don't feel assigned that if that has been agreed, that's unfortunate. I intend to wait until I can see the party in a bank or I should be here." **ROBERT LEWIS**

Friends in high places

Earlier this year Minor Mackay, a different, unassuming Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament from Nova Scotia, headed a team of party researchers who investigated unusual financial wherries and dealings by Air Canada. Their findings led to the resignation of Yves Méthéan as Air Canada vice-president and to a number of other changes in the Liberal benches in the House of Commons. Early this month Mackay struck again, finally planning a stack of potential political dynamite in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's pocket with a detailed account of the massive losses of the group of businesses for dry-fry shops at Montreal's Dorval airport. In particular Mackay is pressing the government to reveal what role was played by Louis Giguère, a Liberal senator and party organizer, and by Health Minister Marc Lalonde, the Prime Minister's close personal friend, in granting loans to Dorval for Sky Shops Ltd. and for an expansion of the \$95,000 in windfall profits that Giguère received from the sale of shares in Sky Shops.

Although he had liberal allies spreading word of his attacks, Mackay claims he had little satisfaction in his muckraking role. "I really don't like this," he said outside the Commons during one break in the opposition's news conference. "I don't like to see people like this." Like other men, Mackay's charges led to a raid by the RCMP on Giguère's office in the Senate wing where they seized a number of documents.

The close ties between Sky Shops and political figures go back to 1965 when the company successfully sold 4,000 shares of Sky Shops at one dollar a share to a United Nations party office and received a renewal of its provincial permit to sell liquor. A short time later, the United Nations was not allowed to sell but was then back to selling off its \$10 a share. In 1970 the company sought a further extension of its Dorval lease and later to board chairman Louis Lapointe, president of Monex Co. Ltd., to negotiate with the federal government. In 1971, \$100,000 Lapointe apparently approached the Ministry of Transport directly in the spring of 1970 but met with little success. In April he met and corresponded with Lalonde, who was then the Prime Minister's personal secretary. "I have given instructions to proceed without delay on this file," the letter was worded for 20 months. Just before

that time ran out the directors of the company who included Clarence Campbell, president of the bank, told Senator Giguère 5,000 shares for one dollar each even though he had never been valued at \$15. Three months later Sky Shops' lease was extended for five more years and shortly following that extension the company was sold to Peter Thomson, vice-chairman of Power Corp. for \$10 a share. In a few months' time Giguère had made a tidy \$95,000 profit.

The episode has raised numerous questions of propriety about the financial dealings of the Liberal's Quebec wing. Why was Giguère, a known party bug, not offered the shares? What did Lalonde choose to intervene on behalf of his friend Lapointe? Lalonde told reporters he was not doing his job, but the last time the Liberal benches in the House of Commons were unanimously elected at the possibility of scandal involving the prominent Quebec Liberals. "If we could have been doing this a couple of years ago, we could have saved this election landslide and had a number of the right research team. And this is nothing. This is just the start." The staggering research job by Mackay and his team involved six months of digging that turned up 50 supporting documents, including Treasury Board minutes, proceedings of the Sky Shops executive committee and board of directors, copies of correspondence between the company and the government, and a fascinating confidential memo written by Sky Shops to pay the salaries of 10 Quebec Liberal Senate employees at the board's Dorval airport workplace.

There was considerable scurrying by the Liberals behind closed doors to locate the source of much of the opposition's information, which could only come from a government leak. As an added hint for muckraking allegations, Mackay's investigation disclosed that Yves Méthéan had surfaced as a director of the holding company that now controls Sky Shops.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Burnett offers his humble aid

Fairly tall, while contemplating the prospect of a provincial election, British Columbia's Premier Dave Barrett beamed into a nearby press and said, "I'm going to be a real buzz just now and see. But just a week into the campaign for the December 11 vote the interpersonal doorknob had become a ritual political dance with Barrett carefully muttering many of the old remarks that carried him to power three years ago. Barrett's approach to the campaign has been more of a humble statement than a proud war cry. Just as he did in 1972, he's promising himself as the party's underdog and appealing to voters to "calmly rationally and thoughtfully" evaluate the actual good of his government.

Burnett has almost two years to go before his government's term of office runs out but he said he needed a new mandate to make "tough decisions" on inflation, "with



Burnett: what if he says? what if he says?

major decisions for all and I want to see" Opposition and media critics found his explanation hard both to follow and to watch. Barrett has already made a number of "tough decisions" on the inflation front, legislating thousands of strikes back to work and renegeing federal wage-protection policies with a temporary freeze on the prices of all essential goods and services. Progressive Conservative leader Scott Wallace had a simple explanation for the early election. "He called it now because he thinks he can win." So anxious was Barrett for an election that he broke two long-standing public promises: to bring in election expenses legislation before going to the polls and to wait for a re-election report that would ensure at least 55 new provincial seats. Barrett argued that the conservative legislation was "proving so complicated that it wouldn't likely have been ready even for an election next year and that using the old election boundaries is quite fair. (In 1972 those boundaries gave the new 38 out of the 55 legislative seats for their 39% of the popular vote while Social Credit won only 33% of the popular vote, so only 11 seats.)

But Barrett, who has spent the past year rebuilding Social Credit constituency organizations with old names, or rather keep it—so as to avoid to go on the air with a public statement that he stepped aside, promising to a radio station in Kelowna and a newspaper in Seattle.

Neither of the other two political parties has any chance of winning the Barrett government. Liberal leader Gordon Gibson says that he expects his party to hold the balance of power in a minority government situation after the election but the Liberals are bitterly divided and showed no early sign of mounting effective campaign. Conservative leader Wallace, although he says his party will have candidates in about 33 ridings, is finally con-

templating on holding his own seat, the only one his party has in the legislature. "I'm going to be staying very close to home," he said. "I really only go and I've got to get satisfied." Given all the difficulties of the opposition, it was hard to see how Dave Barrett could get his plebeian sidekick, much longer. **JACQUELINE HAMILTON**

QUEBEC

The party of the third part

It was an idea not to be believed. When Quebec's National Assembly accepted, the three main parties to be planning a new coalition party as an alternative to the ruling Liberals and the opposition Parti Quebecois found themselves stuck together as long as their legs in a trap. In the first row in the Speaker's chair was Jean-Jacques Charest, lately the government's Minister of Education and now through marriage not for long, an independent. His seatmate was Maurice Béllemare, the only sitting member of the new right-wing Parti Action. Right behind him was the conservative Claude Fournier, who had just lost one of his own long-tenured party. Political outsiders couldn't keep their eyes off the two newly so, every day they were made to make their seatmate part in a name of course, they had one.

In the last year or so Quebec has developed a positive hunger for a new force. Since, say, new or recycled political opinion, however odd, or surprising. Just last month a poll showed that only a third of the province's voters would support a fourth party. The last provincial election was really a referendum on Quebec's independence and—perhaps many elections don't relate—the one person to promise to do the state. The question is which party could fill the vacuum—whether the political movement?

The Ralliement Québécois, which elected two members to the 110-seat Assembly in 1973, a now with Roy gone down to one. Candidates only one national political movement that under-wood not displaced the mouth of its large



Charest: a party of his very own?

chance—rural voters who have a long-standing resentment against the province's urban elite—but the party is now in a state. The Union Nationale? A coalition of na-

... and the roads are paved with gold

From his perch atop his flying bicycle, Earl Mailey has a good head-down view of the road ahead, along the highway of Nova Scotia's Grand-Pré-Croix. A crop, 45 to 50-year-old Mailey is not out being merely for his health. He's looking for gold. And he's finding it, in small amounts, tucked in glimmering quartz rocks beside the roads. Nova Scotia, as rock hounds and mineral prospectors are discovering these days, is a province with an aqueous claim that its highways are paved with gold.

Although he moved to the Yukon goldfields, Nova Scotia did support a first-prize industry until 1943. During that producing years the mines turned out 12 million ounces of gold, but the mines were almost as much in their mind. And because of poor mining techniques lots of gold-bearing rocks were tipped waste. Along came the provincial highways department looking for a rock base for its roadways. It used the rubble from the gold pits to make the core foundation and shoulders of secondary roads. The discovery of small amounts of gold touched off the latest gold fever.

Mailey knows that everyone in his has done better than most gold miners. His pocket is measured in "agats," small pieces found in the rocks and worth anything from 50 cents to five dollars. His gold

search is a hobby not a business and he points out that his one is going to get rich on the road. Roadwork. Which is a rather slightly unorthodox. Highway department officials who were at the suggestion that Nova Scotia should act together with gold. To the hundreds of tourists and natives with tourism fever, they wear the most practical use for the road is a road-building.



Mailey and his "wreck," taking for profit

David Webster, former Union Nationale senator, Marcel Minon, the current mayor of Sherbrooke and Kootenay, a former mayor of Laval and even a potential federalist—their first Deputy of Montreal. But when Charest's behind the Liberals in September the deck was reshuffled for good.

Charest, 47, had been the darling to Premier Robert Bourassa's right press. Impulsive, mostly but tenderhearted decent and idealistic, he was courted by everyone including the Parti Quebecois when he left. Though he has been wrong more of the U's Bellemare than anyone else, he has been extremely sorry about his plans. In early November his advisers were asking him to stand up after the election and then decide. You can't wash a party reshuffle, especially when your firm situation is political belief from other parties and other times.

Many Liberals would like Charest to give a try. If only because they feel a third party would draw votes from the right. But there are two other possibilities: that the Liberals will somehow lose. Charest backed the idea for that he will not win because his popularity declines over time and challenges him to some future Liberal leadership conference. Those who know Charest and know Quebec say he is the wrong man for the wrong job. But that doesn't mean he won't try. **GLEN MALL**

The World

FORD: BEHIND THE CLOWN'S FACE, JUST ANOTHER BACKSTABBING POL.

Secret assassinating power 15 months ago Gerald Ford's journal contribution as President has undoubtedly been the restoration of confidence and trust in the Administration. He accomplished this simply by being himself, or what everyone as-



Ford with Sowers: a nap in the night

sumed him to be—a decent, honest and forthright Midwesterner not noted for intellectual prowess. After Richard Nixon, this seemed both a promise and a blessing. But two weeks ago in a giggle, if you consent, more that has become known as the "Sunday Morning Massacre" Ford destroyed nearly everything at his taken his more than a year to build up and exposed himself as little more than a power-hungry politician. In one stroke, he fired off the secretary James Schlesinger and CIA chief William Casey, and even appeared ready to denounce Dr. Henry Kissinger. Twenty-four hours later, vice-president Nelson Rockefeller had an assurance from Ford that he did not wish to run with Gerald Ford on the Republican ticket for '76. In trying to explain the jumpy and Rockefeller's defection at a televised press conference Ford seemed to plan ahead and let that effectively wiped out his main asset—his mediocrity.

The "Sunday Morning Massacre" grew out of Ford's fear that his "nice guy" image will not be enough to carry him to victory in next year's election or possibly not even to the Republican nomination. He worries that the nation does not see him as "President" in quality or image. But most of all he worries about former California governor Ronald Reagan.

Although he is making a rhetorical figure that a statesman, Reagan's actual strong views have captured a public in per-

son of the Republican party. When he declines his official duties for the month he following is expected to resign. Even now it is thought certain that he will give Ford a close fight in the first six primaries in New Hampshire and Florida. In fact, Ford's closest advisers are telling him that he must concentrate on Reagan even more than the most ardent Democratic candidates.

With all this in mind Ford obviously returned for a third time to California. This time he had been promised that Reagan would appear alongside him at a fundraising dinner in Los Angeles. But the Ford camp's health was so good soon worth even the risk of a third shocking interrupt just to have Reagan talking friendly and perhaps giving both men the chance to talk about a deal made the effort worthwhile. There was of course only one deal that could be struck—Ford would dump Rockefeller and offer the vice-presidency to Reagan in return for the withdrawal from the nomination race. Almost at the last moment Reagan's intrigues revealed him not to show up at any effort where Ford was the focus attracted. So Reagan roared in alone while California Republicans, anticipating his polished oratory were treated instead to two of Ford's most dreary performances to date. At one dinner he told us that he had just fired the secretary James Schlesinger and CIA chief William Casey, and even appeared ready to denounce Dr. Henry Kissinger.



Sunday, Monday Mustang: It's an ill measure that doesn't blow somebody some good

We asked one of the Bay area residents that we had left my home in San Francisco. "There were flashes and groans from the 3000 in place there. And when one television reporter at the back of the ballroom said in a fairly loud voice, 'I wonder where he left his brains'—there were snorts from the tables nearby."

So upon his return to Washington, the President was greeted for action. He confessed that being a "nice guy" wasn't enough and more concerned that even about Reagan he proceeded with the plan that led to the Sunday Morning Massacre. He wanted to appear tough. He wanted to charge. The word used to describe

the quality by Ford's White House aides is "President."

First, there was Rockefeller. He was clear that Rocky had a liberal image that would help his campaign. Besides, the outgoing New York City mayor had to take the two men with the President coming out against federal support while he himself was a main man for Rockefeller. It was a cagey politician and how Rocky had to be pushed out, so after a series of talks with Ford he decided to jump. With the Rockefeller administration resigned the President believed it was the ideal time to clean house. He had grown to dislike Schlesinger, whose denials and constant denials at cabinet meetings annoyed him. On top of that there was the real argument between Kissinger and Schlesinger that had led to the public Schlesinger's replacement was no easy choice. White House Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld, a former congressman and NATO ambassador who enjoys a warm and close relationship with the President. Yet Ford realized that by firing Schlesinger he would further open the conservative wing who adhered his string of going up walking in arms talks with the Russians.

To placate the right wing, Ford decided to lower Kissinger's control of foreign policy and name Ar. Felix George, a former Republican—a loyal Kissinger disciple—as the chief Presidential security adviser.



Sunday, Monday Mustang: It's an ill measure that doesn't blow somebody some good

While he was at it, Ford also decided to fire director William Casey and replace him with another outcast friend, George Bush, the present secretary to China. To assure that there was something for everyone, he announced that Commerce Secretary Regan Morten, who was due to resign at the end of the year, would be replaced by Elliot Richardson, hero of Watergate and likely known as "Mr. Clean."

Now the stage was set. With Rockefeller's announcement to be followed at the appropriate time with the cabinet changes, the complex scheme seemed perfect. Except it all went wrong. Either Rockefeller or

Kissinger, concerned that the President might change his mind about the Schlesinger firing, leaked the news early. When Rockefeller made his scheduled announcement, Ford was forced to call a nationwide television conference to announce in a desperate fashion that everyone had already read about. Instead of making a clean breast of the whole affair, the President covered up the real reasons. He did not admit that there was a weakened feud between Schlesinger and Kissinger or that Rockefeller would have been a political liability. He simply said that everyone had already read about. Instead of making a clean breast of the whole affair, the President covered up the real reasons. He did not admit that there was a weakened feud between Schlesinger and Kissinger or that Rockefeller would have been a political liability. He simply said that everyone had already read about. Instead of making a clean breast of the whole affair, the President covered up the real reasons. He did not admit that there was a weakened feud between Schlesinger and Kissinger or that Rockefeller would have been a political liability. He simply said that everyone had already read about.

LEBANON

A break (sort of) in the action

It may be a line under the delayed mortar exploding, even an unmarked but so plain looking car circling along a street. It takes little to end those temporary respite periods, better known as cease fires that have characterized Lebanon's intricate and messy Ar. Felix George, a former Republican—a loyal Kissinger disciple—as the chief Presidential security adviser.

There is every possibility the latest truce—the one-life—will end like the last, this time because of a number of factors. One is the fact that the 12 Arab states of Beirut. The next morning took a day but it is a Beirut, a city with a population of 700,000 of Arabs and Armenians, including field military donated for the Christian Phalangist forces. When the 50,000 Syrian Arab Republic based of its security forces and the Lebanese army had been Christian militia areas for in solidifying the weapons. It happened as if no one was listening. The army stood by and even the Lebanese army garrison and 300 yards from the cluster did not intervene. Meanwhile the city was attacked by the Phalangist forces who had set up road blocks around the vessel. The army stopped had particularly serious armaments. Karame continued to be the major figure in any future negotiations, that is to resign. Moreover he accused Lebanese President Shalwan.



In Beirut a Muslim "holocaust" event, the war is still a nothing-nothing life

Frangipoli of answer making his order. Surprisingly, the president did not react any reply to the charge. Even when Muslim Lebanese leader Kamel Jumblatt accused Frangipoli's act of being personally involved in the arms delivery there was no rebuttal. For the Muslim it was clear sign that they had been correct all along. The country's president and its army was pro-Christian. The open rift between the two most powerful spokesmen in Lebanon's government meant that even to remain hold on the country was considerably weakened.

The country's economy was also in shambles. After repeated appeals by Karame to return to work as the newest truce was announced, few of Beirut's 5 million population were interested in making a return to the streets. From the city's 30 banks were closed three days before the cease fire was announced before opening their doors. Beirut's merchants, many of whom had lost their stores or were refused to return to their shops until all the roads were safe.

Meanwhile the city had barely to be damaged and other complexes stand restored and restored. Beirut is actually becoming a no-man's land. After eight months of violence and destruction with the appearance of the city is shocking. Everything has changed except the political economy, and religious careers have been the nation's end war. They will return to Beirut and Jerusalem.

THE HAGUE

A slight case of mutiny

According to the Dutch Royal Navy it was not just in a series of mutiny but in the Hague. Indeed it started not in the Netherlands. First Lockheed, a private company, announced that it had received a contract for the first time that membership of Holland's announced armed services had proclaimed their independence. A Union, having a tradition in the navy since 1916 and the movement has been responsible for a

1,000 foot level and for 18 minutes over again and again over Holland's parliament. The row was deafening and some said it shook the very foundations of the ancient seat of government. Although government spokesmen reported with pride that it did not prove successful, defense spokesman Piet Dierken from completing his speech the navy's strange sense of protest over military budget cuts had a clear rebuke that echoed across Holland and over almost another 1,000 miles away.

Despite the jolted Dutch headquarters from navy officials every one knew the burning incident was caused by the defense ministry's decision to grant the Neptune squadrons and merchant the navy's main crisis as part of a plan to save \$100 million from the 1976. The navy might have created their Defense Ministry. The same motive, "war of peace" that had not heard that naval officers had indeed planned a "surprise" for the minister. The navy's high command in the ministry where they were listed like schoolboys. The navy's high command in the ministry where they were listed like schoolboys. The navy's high command in the ministry where they were listed like schoolboys. The navy's high command in the ministry where they were listed like schoolboys.

By this time the pared defense budget had become a case of 100 and 200. One informed navy personnel attended a protest in Rotterdam, marching under the banner that read "Holland's Navy is not for sale." The first time that membership of Holland's announced armed services had proclaimed their independence. A Union, having a tradition in the navy since 1916 and the movement has been responsible for a

age of negotiators that has left older veterans/spies. For example, kidnapping outside of barracks is purely reluctant. Inside rooms no longer have to get a basic even if a major order is as a situationary negotiator no business have become standard use for men who are working with machinery.

Working hours have been cut back on such extent that a current job has the Dutch defense ministry an informal potential extension to delay attacks planned between 5 p.m. Friday and 8 a.m. Monday since there would be no resistance, hence no real fun. In spite of the personal liberties and their working conditions the more have declined to contribute. There is a general strike even among NATO leaders that Dutch soldiers rank second to none in the allied forces.

Perhaps it was this fact that helped the besieged defense minister to defend his budget in parliament. Vervolgens period which the Dutch would spend \$218 per capita on defense annually and then it revealed that Belgium's contribution was only \$192 per capita and that Denmark spent only \$181 per capita to uphold its NATO commitment. Finally, even the Douglas defense minister Labed in To achieve a peaceful settlement he refractory announced the Neptunes will fly again and that the navy's special duty will be held in active service for another 26 months and that two new cruises replace her. For the time being Vervolgens is hopeful the airport above The Hague will remain clear—and quiet.

BY MASTERMAN

THE SAHARA

For Allah and country

In 142,000 square miles are largely desolate wasteland which for centuries has defied even the simplest forms of plumb line. The cone shapes of its sand dunes provide the only relief from its flat and oppressive surface. In this barren setting the month two nations arranged their mutually differing fortifications waiting for the final confrontation. Massed at the border of the Spanish Sahara were some 300,000 Moroccans armed only with copies of the Koran, thousands of Morocco's green flags and the Islamic desire to claim the Sahara for their leader, King Hassan II.

The Hassan armada was impotent, outdistanced by the power of its huge numbers. Facing against some 15 kilometers away was the Spanish army, 15,000 strong and headed by the tough Spanish legion, reinforced by armor air support and snare fields. Spanish military leaders warned the Moroccan through General Comares Salazar that Hassan's disciples would not be permitted to enter "even one more" beyond the military line. Yet even as an advance column of 40,000 Moroccans beset the Spanish guns, the fears of world leaders were lessened by the knowledge that neither side wanted a

showdown. The major question was whether a diplomatic breakdown by either side or a mistake on the field could trigger an outbreak of violence that might prove impossible to control. This frightening possibility was recognized by both sides. At the UN Security Council urged Hassan to stop the march, the Moroccan King declared the march would continue and "will not depend for a moment from his peaceful character." At the same time Moroccan officials pledged they would continue to move their civilian legions even if high casualties were inflicted on them unless Spain agreed to negotiations for settlement of the Sahara. Another statement of Hassan was issued by Algeria, which backed troops along its 16-mile Sahara border. Hassan greeted their move with a strong warning: the Moroccan army and airforce would be on hand ready to realize against any attack from "foreigners."

As it is one of the world's richest phosphate deposits buried below all that desolate sand, Morocco quickly Spain



Morocco's crusaders to their holy quest, to their king, buried treasure

has mined the substance on a large scale, even having the German firm of Krupp to build a 40-mile transporter belt from the mines at Bu Kua to a newly built port at El Anass. To Hassan control of the Sahara deposits would mean virtual domination of the essential fertilizer ingredient. Morocco already controls more than 60% of phosphate trade and Hassan has already quadrupled the price of rock to \$68 a ton. Even so, Spain was prepared in principle to relinquish its 91-year-old rule over the area and hand over the desert to Morocco and Mauritania providing both nations would guarantee some \$400 million for investment in the mines. Algeria opposes any change in sovereignty and is demanding that the 75,000 inhabitants of the Sa-

hara—mostly nomadic herders—determine their destiny independently, fully expressing the Sahara would choose independence and elect a pro-Algerian government.

For Morocco's final keep, the outcome of the march is critical for personal reasons. His country is suffering from high unemployment and widespread poverty. Hassan has already been the target of three assassination attempts and the country's growing left-wing party poses a serious threat to his throne. A successful deal with Spain for control of the area would fortify his power, but a frustrated march could mean the end of his rule. Spain's Juan Carlos is in an equally difficult bind. faced with internal political problems a diplomatic cross abroad and the still unforgotten business of assisting El Casillo's power. Carlos must ensure that whatever agreement is eventually reached with Morocco Spain's pride and power will not be jeopardized. Moreover, the 37-year-old prince knows that Spaniards are watching his performance

in this first test of leadership. To that end even before the march had begun he passed up his wife's birthday party to fly to the Sahara and take the salute from the Spanish forces. To many Spaniards Carlos, right to the first only failed to emphasize his right-wing image.

As the buildup increased thoughtful observers noted that once again the United Nations seemed powerless. Moreover, Hassan's march was a blatant stab in at least eleven by the International Court of Justice denying Morocco's claim of outright sovereignty over the Sahara. With so much at stake there was reason to hope that both leaders would realize that violence in the Sahara could lead to possible political upheaval within their own borders.

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Beneath the sheltering palms

WELCOME TO GRAND CAYMAN, SUNNY REFUGE FROM WINTER'S ICY BLASTS AND THE TAX MAN'S PRYING EYES

By Walter Stewart

On the Caribbean island of Grand Cayman, along the road from George Town to West Bay, stands one of the loveliest bank buildings in capacity, long and low and squabbling where it fits a Spanish ocean thrust to the red tile roof, the stucco siding, the rich wooden architectural highlights. It looks like the kind of bank where it would be a pleasure to do business, but also the merry cry of the cashier ("Next window please. I'm doing") is gone from its windows. The clock of time from its walls and a sign in the driveway proclaim that the official receiver will be happy to hear back to buy the joint. It was here, at Interbank Bham, headquarters for Montreal Jean Desautel that a small, dark cloud appeared in the sunny blue sky of the tax heavens system. It was a sign of an insurance which even Canadians as much as one billion dollars a year.

Desautel came here in the 1960s and began a famous campaign to sell the tax haven dream to world investors, telling them they could save money now, foreign money and pay no taxes on the profits as

they paid up in swamped foolproof, but Desautel proved it was not. By late 1973, his banks, International Bank and Sterling Trust, had paper debts close to \$40 million, but less than five million dollars of it was real. The remainder had gone in strange schemes—such as a success alleged to prevent tooth decay—dozens of real estate ventures and staggering promotional costs. Desautel, a shrewd man with a taste for the good life, gave \$25,000 parties where the wine—Lafite wine from the Loire—a happy concert and even Don Perignon—flowed freely to wash down the cigar and cocktail tables. He jested around the world to a street level, had an extensive dinner parties at \$400 a head. He even made a move to sing the glories of tax dodging. The depositors had no idea what was happening to their money, and neither did investors (no matter tax free, the offshore dealers are operated normally through bank transfers, says September, 1973, when something run on a road on the banks (the road produced a hollow echo and the receivers closed in.

By the time the official machinery was set in motion, Desautel had descended to Montserrat, Desautel and there was get much his bankers could do but got in the doorway of a legal trap, written for the occasion and charging glory. "Where did my money go?" Desautel may reasonably have concluded that Monte Carlo was a safe haven, but in extradition treaty from 1865 links Montserrat with the British Crown Colony of Grand Cayman, and a police inspector packed his hands and a warrant and forced the bankrupt banker back. His trial in George Town on 34 counts of fraudulent conversion—he granted not

guilty last month—will meet the attention of Grand Cayman for some time, but it probably won't prove too deeply into tax haven operations. "Nobody is anxious to get into detail," says a local government official. "A lot of the money that disappeared had been whisked away from its collection, in Canada and everywhere, and you won't find the money jumping up to complain. Besides, the whole island might properly be charged with fraudulent conversion, and Desautel's crime—if he committed one—may have consisted of nothing more than entering too freely into an agent of organized crime."

Grand Cayman is the current darling of the tax haven system, a tiny island 132

miles long and eight miles wide to the west of places like Switzerland. Lately, says the Bahamas, local and Hong Kong that have made a business of helping people to put up their money beyond the reach of the investors. The Cayman Islands Bankhead makes much of the right, almost the duty to struggle with the tax man. "Taxes are the scourge of the 20th century along with world wars, overpopulation and pollution. The tax man was always against some of our citizens," are also in the association of the bank's problems with collections of ancient Rome. It is a moral mission to protect what you have whether the thief be a robber or a tax collector."

Of course for every dollar that is deposited beyond the reach of the Department of National Revenue, some other taxpayer probably not so rich, no company or so well connected must put up another dollar to balance the national books. The laborer who works the night shift for Algonquin Steel in Hamilton or extra time for MacMillan Bloedel in B.C. in paid for by Canadian taxpayers in the Maritimes has no place to hide his income and pays the shot for those who do. The banks even the most prosperous and solemn men help the process they provide the services, run the banks and shuffle the money from nation to nation with no questions asked. There are 116 banks and trust companies in Grand Cay-

man, one for every 60 people, and the list includes all the top Canadian banks except Toronto-Dominion. Another official of the Bank of Montreal, which has subsidiaries in several tax havens, told me: "We are not in the business of helping Canadians to cheat on their taxes. What Germans or Italians do is none of our concern." Even if that were true, I said, all that was required was German bank for Canadians to the west and a Canadian bank for Germans to the east, and all the cheaters could be served. He replied: "You have a cynical view of human nature."

Cyrenes comes easily on Grand Cayman, which has a population of just under 12,000 people and 3,000 registered corpo-



Banking downtown
Left and lower right, two examples of Canada's contribution to Grand Cayman's impressive international collection of 116 banks and trust companies; at top right, there is the local "sheet bank," and its Montreal-born chairman is currently facing 34 criminal counts of fraudulent conversion.



Off the beaten track—With five years ago Jean Desautel, who made the Interbank house, perked in this aptly named Interbank. The money went, and so did he.



Interbank Investments in Oshawa, now secure

rations, most of which consist of nothing more than a plaque in a wall at the Registrar of Companies Office and a trust agreement. They make a lot of money. Nobody knows how much—not knowing is one of the things they do best on Grand Cayman—and they pay no taxes whatever. A Canadian citizen can set up a Caymanian company for a government fee of \$90

(U.S.) and annual fees of \$49. As long as it makes its money somewhere else—Japan, Europe or back home in Canada—he will pay no taxes. He can even, for \$445, set up an overseas company, which receives a guarantee that if taxes ever are established on the island he will be exempt for up to 30 years. The only information he is required to file is an annual statement that the operations of the company have been mostly outside the Cayman Islands and that he has/hasn't broken the Companies Law. No one knows what goes on inside these companies, but experts such as Leon Mitchell, a Winnipeg lawyer and authority on tax havens, are suspicious. "We're everything considered," he adds. "It isn't for privacy. It's to help people cheat. Public disclosure would cripple all the tax havens."

There are now some 15 tax haven jurisdictions in operation (the list is growing) and an estimated 155,000 registered companies piling up profits in them. Asked how much stay-at-home taxpayers shell out every year to make up for the taxes that avoided, a senior official of the Department of National Revenue in Ottawa laughs a little laughily. "Good question," he says. "We don't even have the information to make a valid guess." So far, about \$10 million has been recovered from the few cases that have been traced. But these are "you the tip of the iceberg," as they say. "In fact, estimates as to how we have ranged from \$20 million to one billion dollars an-

ually, but they are always off-the-record guesses. "We know we are losing freedom, but we don't know where, by whom or by how much."

Tax havens have become a new industry, with their own growth rates—"last year '89" is the first—their own international conferences even a magazine and newsletter. This year, there was a world tour of tax havens for which the \$1750 registration fee would probably be a deductible expense. There are dodges and dodgers. Some are legal, some shade the line between legality and illegality, some are downright crooked. The experts suspect that the downright crooked ones outnumber all others, but who knows?

It is legal to set up a trust in Grand Cayman to stash money there and let a trustee invest it for profit. As long as the "trust and dividend" of the concern remains offshore, no tax is paid. If the profits are brought back to Canada, they may attract a tax depending on how they are repatriated and whether anybody ever finds out. "The simplest technique," says a Toronto banker with offshore experience, "is to fly down, write a cheque on your company there and bring back the cash. The bank isn't going to tell on you, so who's to know?" Even if a tax is eventually paid, accountants tell you that a tax deferred for 10 years is a tax avoided, since the accrued interest pays the tax.

It is shading the line between legality

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son's bank. In all, the free, back-bucks and inflated charges came to \$33,166,666. After the complex went into receivership in 1991 and a government inquiry got a peek into the books, the real value of this work was calculated to be about four million dollars—the other \$29 million was simply a tax-free fraud that should have attracted Canadian taxes of \$14 to \$15 million.

What is more, it should have been discovered in 1986, an auditor for the Department of National Revenue was investigating another Kasser tax-haven deal, in which money was funneled through a Montreal-based firm for a paper million. Surely all the profits went to Kasser's estate. The auditor was asking Kasser's lawyers and accountants questions they couldn't

'WHY IS EVERYTHING CONCEALED? IT ISN'T FOR PRIVACY, IT'S TO HELP PEOPLE CHEAT'

answer. Had he been allowed to pursue the case, he would almost certainly have discovered that one of the same companies was involved in the Manitoba deal. Instead, he was apparently pulled off the case. Why? According to a senior official in the tax avoidance division in Ottawa: "There is no way of knowing for sure that we had a reason for the case when we about to make the connection. You're dealing in speculation." The speculation consists of the testimony of Albert Blomstein, Kasser's Montreal lawyer, before the Manitoba inquiry. Blomstein read the following from his own office notes of the trial: "The taxpayer was around... it seems definite that they want to talk to someone in authority... we may have to contact A. K. [Kasser]... probably Canadian tax departments which took... and then they know A. K. on Taxshuttle [the key firm in the Manitoba deal]. It is obvious that to resolve the case quickly, the Canadian tax department will come to the conclusion that both Code and Code and Canquip [two other Kasser companies] are sham corporations... there will be a thorough investigation."

The file was closed, the Manitoba rip-off started buried and Harry Garfield, assistant deputy minister of National Revenue, now says, "We are not at all proud of the role we played in the Kasser deal... by the time we were sure of what was happening the truth was gone, the money was gone and there was no way to get either of them back."

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to feel, which happened to the tax collector after one of the firm's transactions. The effect of the deal was to shift \$17.5 million around the perimeter of the Sagamore empire, and it would go back where it started, shuffling more than one million dollars in taxes on the way. The transactions saved the company tax on the interest on the loan, not on the whole \$17.5 million, which was capital, on which tax had already been paid, and not incurred. The Tax Review Board ruled last fall that the deal was legal, although Lucien Caron, who wrote the judgment, said that he was "convinced" with the overall result of the series of transactions.

First there is John Haig-Sagamore, the grandfather corporation, which owns all the others. Call it A. Then there is DuPont Corporation Limited, which acts as a banker and clearing house for A's offspring. Call it B. Then there is Thomas Adams DuPont Inc., call it C, which doesn't do anything but buys from other companies such as British Columbia Development Co. Ltd. Then there is Commodity Distributors, call it D. Then there is Commodity Distributors, call it E, an offshore company, and finally, Gifford's Insurance, call it F, which does with Commodity no business and looks after the assets of empire.

The play began and ended on December 22, 1966. At that day dawned B owed \$4,284,850 to C and \$13,460,600 to D. In total B owed \$17,745,450. That same day C and D paid dividends to A of \$4.7 million. A in turn loaned \$17 million to E. E bought \$77 million worth of stock in F (which, among other things, raised its risk rating). F loaned \$5,175 million and B paid off C and D. All this before the tax was done. Now B owed \$17.5 million to F, offshore. Over the next three years B paid \$2,562,800 on the loan, all of which was deducted from its Canadian tax. Then the money came back home again in tax-free

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dividends from F (minus a small withholding tax).

The Tax Review Board, while finding that all this motion resulted in a "considerable" tax saving, couldn't find anything illegal about it and struck down a revenue department attempt to collect. The case is being appealed to the Federal court.

Wash. Areas: The Warren Stearns you could work on today is which your aunt in Detroit bought all your clothes, you paid her far more than they were worth the best you had the extra, and then to make the whole thing off as a tax deduction. Dominion Bridge Company Limited worked the corporate version of such a play, but in

"From Montreal to the steaming Amazon jungle, my Maytag has never let me down," writes Mrs. Thériault.



Mr. Thériault, Mr. Marc Thériault, Mrs. Thériault, & Jeanne, 3

"In 11 years of brutally hard work, it has seldom had a repair."

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Many of this year the federal court denounced it with such harsh words as "sham" and "tax avoidance." The case is under appeal.

On April 22, 1966, Docteur Bridge set up Spas International Limited in Nassau to buy stock for the Canadian company. Spas's paid-up capital stock came to 50 shillings and it was run down to the smallest debt from Canada. From 1966 through 1969, Spas claimed a profit of 10% off its sales to Docteur Bridge a total of \$1,514,629 written off the Canadian tax bill, transferred abroad, then brought back home by tax-free dividends. The revenue department finally got wind of the scheme and the case wound up in the federal court, which held that Spas was a "pass-through" in the hands of Docteur Bridge. The Canadian company was obliged to pay nearly two million dollars in taxes and costs.

Profit: Profit: Who's Got The Profit? Imperial Oil Limited must have some of the toughest and hardest working employees



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in Canada, because three of them, working with our secretary out of a modest office in Bermuda, managed to ring up \$15 million in net profits over a period of five years. The nice thing was that the money was earned in a tax haven. Except for that, of course, Imperial would be poorer and the Canadian taxpayer richer by about \$17.5 million.

On July 22, 1967, Imperial set up Albany Company Limited in Bermuda to buy crude oil and arrange for its delivery to its

only customer, Imperial Albany in turn had a subsidiary, Western Oil and Trading, which had no employees but one ship, Imperial Dream, to carry the stuff home to Albany. Albany bought crude from two other subsidiaries of Imperial's parent company, Exxon, in Venezuela. The oil changed ownership as it crossed the Tropic of Cancer, which avoided Venezuelan taxes, then Albany loaded on a freighter, and sure as it floated on to Canada, it was performing a function that had formerly



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been headed in Toronto (where the Toronto man in charge became manager of Albery for which it charged a minority of 6.13%. In five years, Albery earned \$15,179,351, which was pocketed into its own for tax purposes in Canada, then repatriated to tax-free dividends. In 1973, for a number of reasons (including, perhaps, the latest closure by tax man), the scheme was folded and Albery's employees brought home.

Imperial denies any inappropriateness. "To the best of our knowledge," says Imperial executive vice president D. K. Melrose, "the profits paid by Imperial to Albery were always representative of fair market value. The Income Tax Act of Canada provides that dividends from foreign subsidiaries are not subject to income tax. The existence of Albery and dividends received from that company were always disclosed to the Department of National Revenue. As for Imperial's motives in folding the Albery operation, Melrose says this: "About mid-1973 it became apparent that the offshore under could not respond quickly enough to the rapid drop in oil supply and price brought about by a series of host governments in foreign oil producing countries. Accordingly the Imperial supply contract with Albery was terminated."

TAX HAVENS ARE A NEW INDUSTRY WITH THEIR OWN GROUND RULES. 'BUTTON YOUR LIP' IS THE FIRST

The Department of Revenue is new in vanguard, and if it finds anything wrong Imperial will be handed a large bill. "But even if we collect in some cases," says a department official, "there may still be the never come to light" (Others of the Albery deal emerged in cross-examination of an Imperial Oil officer at an unrelated court case in Nova Scotia.)

"The crucial move," says Winnipeg lawyer Leon Mitchell, "is disclosure. There is no excuse for secrecy." Mitchell was one of the three commissioners in the Manitoba La Pini inquiry. When that concluded, he wrote a long letter to Ottawa asking for a number of reforms. He said that every foreign firm operating in Canada should be required to disclose its total earnings, and that every time a bank sends money out of the country it should indicate a certificate indicating that the money is exempt from taxes and that the sender has electronic from the revenue department. In addition, he said, there should be a withholding tax—perhaps 25% of every dollar as it is withdrawn abroad, which could be paid back later if and when it was found to be properly reasonable. "You don't get a choice on whether you pay just takes every week."

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6th \$100,000	6th \$100,000	6th \$100,000
7th \$100,000	7th \$100,000	7th \$100,000
8th \$100,000	8th \$100,000	8th \$100,000
9th \$50,000	9th \$50,000	9th \$50,000
10th \$50,000	10th \$50,000	10th \$50,000
11th \$50,000	11th \$50,000	11th \$50,000
12th \$50,000	12th \$50,000	12th \$50,000
2nd prizes \$1,000	2nd prizes \$1,000	2nd prizes \$1,000
3rd prizes \$1,000	3rd prizes \$1,000	3rd prizes \$1,000
4th prizes \$1,000	4th prizes \$1,000	4th prizes \$1,000
5th prizes \$1,000	5th prizes \$1,000	5th prizes \$1,000
6th prizes \$1,000	6th prizes \$1,000	6th prizes \$1,000
7th prizes \$1,000	7th prizes \$1,000	7th prizes \$1,000
8th prizes \$1,000	8th prizes \$1,000	8th prizes \$1,000
9th prizes \$1,000	9th prizes \$1,000	9th prizes \$1,000
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says Mitchell: "I should be a company!" He received a nice letter from the Minister of Revenue and an invitation to talk over his ideas with officials in Ottawa, but he left the daunting meeting full of frustration. "They kept on telling me all the reasons why nothing could be done, and they were right," he said. "Harry Garland, the assistant deputy minister, says he took the idea of withholding tax 'home, what a nuisance.' Just imagine the world he's got to deal with! Opponents from his own side."

But there is a certain amount of leniency behind Ontario's smooth facade. George Follan, director of audit control for the department, wrote a private memo to his colleagues based on the Manikoff inquiry report in which he endorsed the spirit of

SOME DODGES ARE LEGAL, SOME SHADE THE LINE, AND OTHERS ARE JUST DOWNRIGHT CROOKED



not the details of Mitchell's stand. In particular, he wanted more disclosure and tougher policing. "When dealing with crooks or criminals who have not yet established a status of citizens in our society and the police, we should be less than lenient," he said. "We should know, question demand. The light of day is the great enemy of any nefarious scheme." And again: "The corporate form of organization, vigorously intended as a means of raising money at limited risk for a continuing enterprise, has been subverted to a tax evasion device not only abroad among thieves but right here at home among professionals. Surely we are entitled to the tools to control it." But the Manikoff inquiry or Follan's paper are going to end tax havens up off. Too much depends on foreign governments who have no desire to help. But at least they contain the potential for an overdue, badly needed war. ☐

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The jolly black giant

FOUR YEARS AGO IDI AMIN WAS JUST A BUFFOON. THEN THE CORPSES STARTED TO PILE UP. NOBODY LAUGHS AT HIM ANY MORE
By John Borrell

The scene promised to be nothing but a trivial occasion in the official chamber of the world's onlookers. In a long time, and everyone seemed to say after the day at the fortieth General Assembly convened speakers had talked in flannel tones about expected topics. But this day promised to be different and with the velvet palms—and apprehensions—of spectators just before pass the ambassadors to the United Nations winged. Idi Amin was 40 minutes late. He had been held up delivering a parking lot near New York's East River.

Finally, the doors opened. All eyes were instantly riveted on the 500-pound Field Marshal. This was General Kipande's last night in his blue uniform topped with gold epaulettes the size of fried eggs. He made his way to the podium. Once there he put down his swagger stick and waited a few moments for his rows of chest medals—and his audience—to quiet down. Then, with the confidence that comes of power, he told himself he could for "the extension of the state of peace" and the peace from the use of the advanced American to be sure to elect a black governor in at least one state. He accused France of colonialism in the Congo, Britain of violence in Rhodesia and Ireland. Then, he had a further reason for planning a holiday: "Come one and all," he said, "and see our own forests and snow-capped mountains and our bays but extremely dry gardens."

Amin's last words were lost in warm applause—poorly received in the audience of Israel, France and Britain who had walked out earlier saying they'd "had enough." Black and Arab representatives stood up in respect and admiration, still stopping to be moved from the speaker's platform. Idi "Big Daddy" Amin, commander, number one politician whose specialty is humbling the mighty and the mighty had had a fine day in New York. Idi Amin's constancy is growing—fast.



Less than 40 months ago he was an unknown—thought to be only a minor figure—on Africa's political merry-go-round. His early utterances were laughed at and given about as much thought as a backstabber's spite. But the laughter has stopped. Over the past two years he has earned and appeared thoughtful, serious and politician as they watch, disbelieving, each new fumble, each bizarre crime and diplomatic outrage that have been the hallmarks of his ascent to power. From an obscure acquaintance he is firmly entrenched and acknowledged as 11 million Ugandans. And this year he reached the apex of black African power when he was crowned head of the 46-nation Organization of African Unity. New Moscow listens carefully when he speaks. His rhetoric is welcomed

Big Daddy: neither election nor coup is likely to unseat him, especially with the opposition flooding headlines in the star

in Berlin and Arabes. Idi Amin is Black Africa's newest spokesman and, whatever his excesses, evidence of his followers' love they can count on him to express it. Frankly, Amin made ways their age-old contempt for white power and imperialism—and or imagined.

He does so with a style that shatters the fairly broad traditions of diplomacy in the nation's central world, where words are measured and weighed like weapons. The several Amin values about saying whatever he pleases whenever it pleases him. No threat or demand is too extreme. Prior to his visit to the UN he

warned that should Gerald Ford visit him while in New York he would demand that the world body's headquarters be moved. Three years ago, as he tells it, he had a dream: "He was told by some supernatural power to expel all Asians from his country. As a result, 50,000 non-Asian were automatically kicked out of Uganda. Their businesses taken over by Idi's friends. Warned last the Asian head count among those remaining should mysteriously drop he issued a warning: "If anyone is found poisoning himself with black poison, disciplinary action will be taken. Asians are our brothers—but they must remain Asians and therefore must not poison themselves black."

Above all, Amin is concerned and concerned with power. He does exercise unopposed power in his desire to develop persons propinquity of position that are, in a word about Idi: for example, the recent source for visiting diplomats in Kampala Uganda's capital. Guests consistently surprised when the day voice announced the coming. The band struck up the Colonel Bogey march. Then, to its strains "Big Daddy" made his entrance on a sedan chair borne with great haste by four British businessmen. Behind the business procession a flower-bedecked carred's lady perched to shield the president from wind or rain. The scene was picked up by papers around the world. Idi Amin made his point. He is also the world's leading pragmatist. Determined that the world's press should know of Uganda's cultural delights when he arrived in New York, he arranged to have Ugandan dancers flown over and when he stepped down from his plane at Kennedy's some 200 topless native dancers welcomed him to Graham.

Little pains him by. At a recent cocktail reception in Addis Ababa he eagerly behind African countries for having the audacity to import French mineral water for one dollar a bottle. "Africa has some of the best water in the world," he told the bearded delegates. "This can get it from mud or rivers, but it put some chemicals in it and sell it for 50 cents a bottle." Nor is he all soldier. Moved to issue some warm sentiments to a beveraged Native, he sent the subaltern a telegram wishing him "a speedy recovery from the Westinghouse ailment." Conditioned by such traditions since the world all too often sees Idi Amin as a bullhorn, a vainglorious leader whose dominance, if complete, is satisfyingly remote. In Uganda it is a far different story. He is fighter there is direct, intense and permanent.

The faded sign propped up in the corner window of an electrical store in Kampala Road recently says up in his five years of Amin has meant to Uganda. "We regret," the sign says, "that because of a shortage of space, we are unable to display all our merchandise." The sign is a relic of the days when Kampala was a bustling shopping center stretched in East and Central Africa.

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only by Nairn. Now, there is little for sale in Kampala's shops and what is available is outrageously expensive. You can buy an electric iron for 600 Ugandan shillings—about \$16—or a pop-up toaster for 700 shillings (about \$18). But there aren't many hospitals in a city where the average monthly wage is \$40. Even students are scarce. People have to live up, sometimes for two or three hours, to buy salt. Flour or cooking oil. All of this drives Anna's sequestered claim that he has won the com-



**"IF ANYONE IS FOUND
PAINTING HIMSELF
WITH BLACK POLISH,
DISCIPLINARY ACTION
WILL BE TAKEN . . ."**

monetary war that he "launched" in 1972 with the expulsion of the whites. The nationalists who took over white businesses fractured away the profits, sold off investments and closed them down. As a result, unemployment is high and thousands of people have been forced to leave the city for their tribal homes. For those who remain there are endless frustrations. Virtually all the city's shops are off the road for want of spare parts. There is a serious housing shortage for lower income earners and prices continue to soar. While no one says it publicly, there is general awareness that Anna has shattered the one-day-party economy.

For ordinary Ugandans who gaped and howled when he deplored the increasingly unpopular Milton Obote the First Minister, it is now more a disappointment than a source of pride. They remember how he passed freely censored elections, saying "I was not anxious. Within an decade there will be free general elections and I will hand over power to the elected government." There were no elections, of course, and three years later he was talking everyone he would ever step down. "It is hard to be a president," he asserted. "You must have a brain and work hard. I like it very much and I will never resign."

The odds are great that no one will ever force a living Anna to resign. Anyone who dares him, opposes his views or talks

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'HE WAS A GOOD LAD WHEN HE FOUGHT THE MAU-MAU... BUT A BIT THICK BETWEEN THE EARS'

too much simply disappears. Estimates of the number of people who have mysteriously disappeared since Africa came to power vary from 25,000 to 250,000. Each week, it seems, more disappear others bound, gagged and trampled into the track of the ubiquitous Mercedes, no favored by the army, before being taken to some remote place to be shot. "The soldiers do just what they like," says the African owner of Kampala hoteliers. "They sack away one of my employees a month ago and I haven't seen him since. His wife tried to inquire about him." The proof of such killings is too great to be doubted, even by the Field Marshal's friends. People in the small of the scene have seen Stephen Kyesan, an African bank manager, was dragged out the street and killed in front of his employees because he refused to give a loan to a soldier in a war.

But even the well-documented horrors of the Asian revolution have not completely cut him off from the ordinary people. In fact, he is not a soldier, but the ordinary people often appreciate his candor and his style. Despite direct images on his face, he looks around Kampala alone in his grey Camry-Mercedes, stopping and talking to his citizens when he likes. He helps women and although he recently took his second wife, a lovely 19-year-old named Sarah who is a member of his Senate Revolutionary Movement, he has been seen with other equally appealing friends. He can also be counted on to have something to say about good music, art, or food—without being asked. Two years ago he introduced new new currency and took the opportunity to introduce the sports scene of much higher artistic quality than those circulating today. They are an exhibition of art at its best," he said, introducing a note with a large portrait of his Africa ruled on it.

Between such preoccupations, he has time to work extremely hard, often forgoing lunch and dinner as he goes from one meeting to another. His work people approach will take him from a cabinet meeting to a direct dialogue with complex city garbage men. His office is besieged daily with calls from ordinary Ugandans who want help with problems ranging from a dispute with a tribal chief to a search for a missing relative. His efforts are appreciated by the opposition, who know even they have his ear. That he can accomplish anything if he wishes. He has come a long way from the Kabon village near the Nile where he grew up. He worked as a bellboy in Kampala before

joining the British King's African Rifles, rising to the position of sergeant-major as he served with the British forces in South Africa and against the Mau Mau in Kenya. According to his British officers, he was a good soldier—keen, fond and prepared to obey orders. Most agree, however, that he didn't have the much greater to be an officer. "He was a good lad, but his former officers is reported to have said "but a bit thick between the ears." It is such remarks that give Amin cause to continue his long-haul relationship with white men and to enjoy his position as an enigmatic leader who has no visible enemies.

He repeatedly warns people not to make the way he talks as a reflection of what he is thinking. He also orders himself on being a man of action, so one knows this better than his abstract opinions. He makes decisions that are rapidly shared and breaks no promises. More than one cabinet minister has been killed, and when one of his lieutenants upon him they know that punishment may make unexpected forms. Amin is said to be the former African League, Elhadi Haggai, who was elected to the post of Uganda's foreign minister by the Field Marshal himself. She fell from power when Amin charged that she had made love to a European in a hotel in City Airport in Paris. He asked her and then, not satisfied, he completed her destruction by publishing a full frontal photo of her in *The Voice Of Uganda*, the country's



Amin with his Mercedes-Mercedes with his political enemies get to ride in a Mercedes

only newspaper.

The country's press and radio are completely under his control. The paper publishes various reports of his speeches while the radio broadcasts virtually every word he utters. But Amin was a better soldier. To ensure that others may hear his pronouncements he purchased two 300-kilowatt shortwave transmitters that will enable Uganda's radio station to be heard in Montreal and Bangkok.

Some of these transmitters are in sight. He sent a notorious cable to the United

Nations, with reports to Gambia, Mali and Niger. Amin's which he declared that the Nasser had based on million Jews because in his words. "Hiller and all German people know that blacks are not people who are working in the interests of the world." More recently he announced plans to meet a state to Hitler because in Amin's eyes he was "a much underrated world leader." The Jordanian can find this difficult to understand. In 1971, Amin's been heard in Africa and in the Middle East. They supplied him with an aircraft-bus passenger jet per-

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lotted by two air force officers. The following year he asked females in for another favor: he wanted Phoenician jets to bomb Tanzania. Rubensson scowled when he was turned down. Then the Swede laid the tenacity to ask for payment of \$300 million for construction they were underwriting in the country. It was at about this time that General Amin discovered the horrors of Zaire.

Now he is finding attraction in Contravention. After a cautious start, Moscow has sent him at least a dozen tanks, about 30 armored personnel carriers, anti-aircraft guns and at least one squadron of jets. He also has an unknown number of the

more modern MiG 21s. Libya has supplied him with arms and money. Saudi Arabia provides his bookshelf treasury with fresh money whenever it is needed. (Amin was short of cash; he had to get \$30 million from Saudi Arabia to pay for the costs of the oil revenues.) The Arab states support him, if for no other reason, because he is a Muslim and gives amazing verbal support to the Arab cause in the Middle East.

One of the reasons he is enjoying the attention is his fear of another invasion of Uganda by Tanzania. Just 18 months after he was ousted from power, the deposed leader launched an unsuccessful invasion with backing from Tanzania. Amin

never lets his people forget that, and has developed a garrison mentality that scares his neighbors. "The trouble with Amin," explained a senior official in Kenya's defense ministry, "is that he is so unpredictable. He keeps talking about invading Tanzania and he may well decide to have a crack at us on some pretext or other." The target that most appeals to the former sergeant-major, however, is Rhodesia and South Africa. He has already announced he is personally ready to lead a pan-African invasion of the white enclaves.

With an army of about 12,000 men and an arsenal of some 600 tanks, he knows it would have to be a surprise attack to be successful. He says it is "highly secret. I can't even tell my wife." But he admits he recently acquired a map of Field Marshal Viscount of the plan. "It will be put to use when I invade southern Africa, including Rhodesia," he declared. Such statements have made many African leaders disapprove of Amin publicly, but privately most of them continue to give him at least tacit support. He is described as "the Hitler of Africa" by

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Zambia's former foreign minister Yvonne Mwanga, but only three countries—Tanzania, Zambia and Botswana—boycotted the recent summit in Kampala.

Meanwhile, the western world worries about the military might Amin is developing. Not so many see Amin as a danger occurring in Big Daddy leads his regulars into Cape Town. Not for the general at least. But his Amin has already proven that he is capable of the unexpected of the continent, and there is no longer any question about his capability to lead his delicate diplomatic links with every speech, every rhetorical gesture. No longer laughing, thoughtful men can now only wait and watch as Black Africa's most militant spokesman promises his cruise delivery.

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Jocks for Jesus

ONWARD CHRISTIAN ATHLETES
MARCHING OFF TO SCORE... By Dan Proudfoot



Obnoxious to the rest from the mob of the elite, the Ottawa Rough Riders are considering the Bible in five hours they read the Hallowed Tiger Cuts with all of the struggle, sacrifice of blood, and beheading of bones that sports fans take for granted in the play. Was splendor of professional football. But now, in a room on the fifth floor of Hamilton's Holiday Inn, there is a room for Jesus Christ. Steve Mulligan, pastor of the city's Bethel Gospel Tabernacle, a thorn-placed man who almost glows in preaching "Follow me and here to you for a few minutes today about life and what we can get out of it."

Yes, the things that count. The Rough Riders start their season this night to take over first place in the Canadian Football League's eastern conference—a major game as they say, a time of their lives ever since they came to play for Jesus Christ. Why this game will be promoted as a religious war has been the Rough Riders' one of the country's leading teams in terms of fan-fight Christianity as well as in terms of fan-fight against the only team in the city that supports chapel service, the once-called Tiger Cuts. But the religious jocks aren't so simple as to imagine that God is on any team's side. Anyhow, Pastor Mulligan has a long record. He met with Winnipeg Blue Bombers here a couple of years

James Andromedon (top center) leads Angus, Hal Stewart, Peter Muller, Chuck Hard, Chuck Bailey, Wayne Adams, Ian Wilson, Terry Shepley, Wayne Curtis in prayer when the game begins. It's hard to tell the Christians from the fans.

ago he with the assembled Rough Riders and Bombers went out and lost 18-0. Bearing this, a couple of Ottawa players get up and pretend they're leaving. "Actually if they had been seeking a religious advantage, they would have sought out somebody like Paul Henderson, the Toronto Toro hockey player who recently turned to religion. Henderson had a perfect record as CFB football say team in whom he considered a genuine devotional had gone on to a win or a tie. "Now believe," Pastor Mulligan continues, "I want you to consider Ecclesiastes and the story of Solomon. He used three approaches in life and none of them worked. He went all out for knowledge, wisdom, finding it out there and..."

The athletes hear. "We're having our devotional again now, please sit down."

Hockey, track and field, skiing, basketball, football—everywhere in sports Christianity is booming. A few years ago, a religious athlete kept silent, just football fans running round to Joe Namath-style profanity. But no more. Now they're talk-

ing. Athletes at Action and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes have become almost as familiar as the various players' monikers. We've come to know through sports-related demands and commercial endorsements. Athletes at Action discusses the cross and is busy with missionary work in the National Hockey League and World Hockey Association. Fellowship for Christian Athletes is strong in baseball. Both organizations spread the gospel of personal salvation, beginning from the premise that people look up to athletes and listen to what they say in the stadium. The ideal evangelist comes with reason. If Bobby Hull can sell television sets, Paul Henderson can sell Jesus. But perhaps "sell" is the wrong word. The athletes who say they believe, do believe—men with strong, quiet, boyish to a more fundamental religion than the brand dispensed by the evangelical churches whose entry of them rejected as teenagers. They're aware to a fault. The question is why? What's behind the movement? Why Jesus instead of Gurus, Mohandas, or group therapy, or whatever the religion is right now among those who search for meaning?

Athletes are searching and have been for years. The *Power of Positive Thinking*, Vincent Paul's opus to optimism attracted a huge following 10 or 15 years ago. Then the sports crowd turned to



Maxwell. Malin's *Psyche-Cybernetics*. Maybe evangelism is only the next step, the latest to a succession of fads to which jocks have turned as an interest to make their muscles fit as they bodies. Or maybe it's just the jocks catching up to the real world. That, in any case, is how it looks to Mr. Mulligan, who tonight preaches for Toronto Argonauts for a few years. "Football," he says, "is a time-delayed microcosm of the real world. I mean, everything that happens outside eventually happens inside the game. First you see the kids were smoking dope. Football players discovered dope. By the time the football players were smoking up, other people were into other drugs like cocaine. And now, five years after the Jesus movement was big in the streets, there's a Jesus movement in sports. Maybe Christian philosophy will be next. Look, I wouldn't question the sincerity of any of the guys who are deep into religion. I know Peter Muller of the Argonauts; for instance, and I'm sure he's serious. But the movement, in a whole, is a symptom of the way things happen in sports. Five years late."

Not every Ottawa Rough Rider at the devotional is a declared Christian. Only Gerry Deane, Wayne Toth and Rod Woodward. The others come simply because they want a quiet time, a ritual to help them start thinking about the game.

For everyone, though, Room 511 is a sanctuary from the crazy world outside. Up on the eighth floor, ex-military young soldiers are celebrating a record something or other and one rushes out into the corridor shouting "What do I get for?" Room 511 itself is a standard Holiday Inn room—royal blue shag rug, even double beds. On the Bible—and someone it may be the site of a sales meeting, a party, or a sunny afternoon tryout. Any of the fables of old Solomon may be enacted here, but not today. Not now.

"The wisdom of Solomon!" says Pastor Mulligan. "We've all heard that phrase. Well, for Solomon it was dead-end street. He said, 'I heard this.' What about pleasure power, the Big Horns? He tried these things too. He tested everything life had to offer, he had all the material things. Tried it all and yet had nothing. Follow me, we can learn from that. The answer, Paul said, was 'For me to live in Christ.'"

Somebody's first crack. No matter everyone's hanging on the pastor's words and caught up in it, but he's saying to notice Deane's casual. Most of the players look at though they bought their shirts, home-styled T-shirts at the same home-seller Mark Kosmos leans forward in his chair, as alert as he is tonight trying to demolish Henderson runners in the Ottawa backfield. Frank Reid, Peter Ceyce and

Ann Frey, on back, reclined but totally absorbed. Late arrivals, Tony Gulevich, Rhonda Nason and Art Green, finding no chairs, are standing, listening respectfully. It's a good moment. Before the Grey Cup game in 1973, Rough Riders set a team record when 23 players attended the devotional, but for a routine league game against the underdoged Titans this is an excellent congregation.

"Follow me, centre your lives around Christ," continues Pastor Mulligan, his voice rising. "Discover His joy. Discover that the center joys are not the same as the joy of Christ. It's possible to live a Christ-centered life on a football team; in university, or at an office. All you have to do is make Christ number one."

What all this means to the fan trying to figure which way to bet on the weekend game is hard to say. The concern talk about playing for Christ rather than a good word from the coach, the cheer of the fans or even the sheer joy of beating an opponent, but most of them admit that it doesn't make much difference to their game. They feel calmer; say they're better able to handle pressure, but admit that finding Christ doesn't seem to diminish their effort. They play. Peter Muller, the Argo receiver who scored most of this season with a knee injury, is no exception. "I learned Christ

can be a terrific motivating force," he says. "Now that I have Christ living within me, because of my faith, God gives me strength. It means... well, it means you get motivated in the fourth quarter when all the other guys were supposed to be the coach's kids are slowing down. You say to yourself 'Christ was with me, yeh. He didn't weaken Sunday kicking me. He came that close up the hill after being whipped 40 times. And He did that for me. And He would have been in front of me the only man on the face of the earth.'"

Christ as example is the central theme in the *Athletes in Action* scriptures, cribbed from the New Testament and reproduced as pamphlets passed by the Campus Crusade for Christ. There's the Christian Athlete's Pledge, based on Colossians 3:23: "In every athletic situation, whether practice or actual competition, I will dedicate myself to give a total outcome of all that I am—mentally, emotionally and physically—to become just like Jesus. I will do nothing to conduct myself in a way that will please the Lord rather than gain my recognition from men." Also borrowed from Colossians 3:23 is the *Athletes in Action* motto of devotion: "If I am going to do the total result of all that you are toward God's purpose for you is a pure intention."

More than 40 crm. players have joined *Athletes in Action*, groups who they can't find and money spreading the good word, thinking of football as one way to work for Jesus. There's no membership fee. Zeonot Acropolis, the Ayo locker, talks of taking, giving 10% of one's produce, as in the Bible, but says followers are free to do little whenever they wish. Donations are tax deductible. *Athletes in Action* is of course, needs the money to keep bringing people to Jesus. Players who have not been born again but have shown some interest go in to the annual January orientation—400 people paid. In fact, the Christian movement really caught on in the crm. in 1970 when 15 players and their wives were invited to the fourth annual Training and Sharing Conference at Chicago, from which many returned ready to work. Only two crm. teams were helping church services in 1972, but in 1975, following the Chicago meeting, they were a part of many life in every crm. except Blumhain.

The movement often hope and direction but makes few demands. Rules aren't necessary when you're close to Jesus. It is just assumed that you will not need smoking or drinking, marijuana or gossip. Nor will you be excessively violent or mean. "If you are close to God," says Peter Muller, "you don't see. Not that anyone is perfect. For example when I am blocking I may 'hike' somebody because of the excitement of the moment, despite the fact that I want to play within the rules. But I try not to break the rules and similarly, I encourage as a Christian rather trying to engage somebody on the football field with a whisper than Ron Raley, with the Edmonton Eskimos, is a

rough, rough football player. As a defensive lineman it's his job to get to the opposing quarterback. But I know Ron wouldn't chop shot at a guy. Let me tell you a story I don't know the names involved, but there was a Christian quarterback on one end and a Christian defensive end on the other. With the quarterback back to throw the end was coming in at him from the blind side. The quarterback had no blocking from that side. The end came in on his body and just started him. Battered him so the ball popped loose and the defensive team

**'ALL YOU HAVE TO DO,'
REV. MULLIGAN TOLD
THE RIDERS, 'IS MAKE
CHRIST NUMBER ONE'**



picked it up and ran for a touchdown. And the end helped the quarterback up and said, 'I love you, brother.' And he meant it. That play was okay you see. Each guy was just doing his job.

The Christians tend to be the gentler players in the greater positions—defensive backs, kickers and receivers more often than linemen. Other generalizations they're usually high-kickers, players, devoted to their sport as well as their religion, pleasant people with whom to spend any moment of time. In other words, a coach's dream. And yet P. I. Albrecht, the silent about Toronto Argos here employed to lead them out of darkness, claims that a prospect's faith or lack of faith has little to do with his getting a good review. "If a player's a devoted Christian it might be worth a note in my report, and a note," says Albrecht, whose idea of a good book is a military history. "I don't think a player's religion guarantees anything. Napoleon said that God is on the side of the army with the most courage. And I kind of love on the one, on those thinking they're to be victorious. I remember when Ted Waskoski owned the Montreal Alouettes and he decided to turn the team to Moral Re-orientation. It was a big movement, a big doctrine, strong absolute loyalty and all, but it didn't work out for the team."

Still, it's the most logical step, a Christian coach building up a Christian team. Sandy Hest, coach of the year in the World Hockey Association last season is a Christian and some of his Phoenix Roadrunners players, wondering if the only reason he kept defenseman Wende Elbertson around, while Garry Lammere, perhaps a better player, languished in the minors, was because he and Elbertson shared the Bible in general. In general, however, there is no clear religious mafia. Not yet, anyway. The only excuse if it can be called one of the Christian athletic movement is the athlete's determination to spread their joy. As part of the Pro Athletes in Action work in Edmonton last May the crm. converts and high schools, competing with the students in volleyball, on top exercises, tags of war, and then trying to bring them the Word. They spoke to approximately 30,000 students, some 4,000 of whom signed cards saying they were either accepting Christ or deeper committed to doing so. The only feedback I got on the whole program was one call from a Jewish lady who was very angry," says Edmonton Oilers office manager, Quincy Moffat. "She said she deeply resented her son getting called into the high school gym and being subjected to a Christian message by one of our players. So I talked to one of our guys who'd covered Mike Laughton, and he said he was only trying to pass on what had meant so much to him. What can you say to that?"

"Would you keep secret if you'd found the cure to cancer?" Peter Muller asks. "That's the way we feel."

Peter Mulligan is nearing his conclusion. His own conversion, which was when many players wrestling with the realization that their pro careers have not brought them the total satisfaction they'd imagined back in college can identify be more on to problems of his own. "Christians don't necessarily want church control. Follows, I have a lot of people come to my church who aren't Christians. They think they're, maybe, but they come to church just like they pack a time clock at work and they think that is enough. But they do not love the Church."

The pastor seems almost angry at the thought in the discussion that follows. Rhone Noose takes exception to his apparent dismissal of those of his flock who don't measure up. Shouldn't the pastor be more concerned with helping them be one true Christians? Mark Korman over-argues to say he thinks everybody is a free agent to some degree. "Nobody's 100% committed," Mark says. "Wait a minute," says Garry Ogden. "We can be 100% committed. Mark, even the best of us can be expected to be 100% perfect. But you can have a full commitment even while you're still making up as a Christian."

The devotional steps suddenly when somebody checks in with it. It's thirty-five live and the pre-game routine

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Gary Carver, the most valuable Montreal Expos on the baseball season just past, is also a Christian athlete. "I just feel I'm playing for Him. The Number One person I'm playing for is the Lord Jesus Christ. I don't pray for him or to win, but to ask Him to give me the power to play some capabilities, and not to have any lockdowns but to play some." Carver coordinates the Expos' chapel services on the road. "The beauty of the services," he says "is that it allows you to worship within your team. You're in prayer on a new way. You can pray together and receive a message together, and afterward it's another thing to discuss together. It gives you a togetherness beyond the idea of just being together on the field."

Hockey, of course, has behind football and basketball. If football follows the real world by five years, as Mel Profit suggests, then hockey follows by 10. Its hockey "workshops" together still mean putting the Roman Catholic players together for mass on a Sunday morning. But things are changing. Ron Ellis, Paul Henderson and their wives have been close friends since the days when Ellis and Henderson were line mates with Terrence Maple Leafs. Soon after the Hendersons made the commitment, Joe and Ron Ellis followed. Two days after a life study meeting at Henderson's house, Ellis announced his retirement from hockey. Ellis says he had always planned on retiring at the age of 30. Only he knows how much his Christian commitment helped him make good that decision.

Ottawa Rough Riders won the game against Hamilton and afterward in their dressing room those who had been at Peter Mulligan's decision in Room 311 considered their Christian commitment. Rhonda Nelson, the press officer, "I don't know if I'm drunk—I'm not perfect enough. I mean, I went on that trip to Chicago, and some of the guys there on that trip were drinking beer and saying there's nothing wrong with that. But I wouldn't know. I'm not perfect either, but I'd want to be before I committed myself to Christ."

Rod Woodward, the defensive back who interrupted a Hamilton punt for the touchdown that gave the Rough Riders the game, had suffered a broken bone on another play earlier. Wayne Tork said he had proved to the Lord that he with Woodward at this difficult painful moment of transition in the hospital, but that he knew there must be a reason for the injury and it would become evident later Woodward had been looking for the Canadian Football League's newspapers and now his football was finished for the season—despite his pre-game prayer that no one on either side be hurt. The next day he awoke perfectly healed. "It's done that!" he said. "There are other things I learn school. I can do more speaking campaigns now. In fact, I'm going out with Wayne Tork to speak to a Jewish group."

The most intense continues. <

Peter Desbarats talks about Global News:

"I find it challenging to know that I'm not expected to just come back and recite the facts!"



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HOW MR. BRICKLIN GOT HIS DREAM CAR
AND MR. HATFIELD GOT THE BILL

By Michael Enright

For as casual as it is the Girl, the Car and Everything. A demonstration of whirling imagination played out on foot of the mischievous and sure-footed of the newsmen in somebody's sound studio in downtown Toronto. First the Girl. Her name is Colleen. She is from Arizona, but looks more like Newberry Beach, California. Beautiful and sexy and wholesome, but also a little wholehearted. She has a good deal of good-drift that falls just right, framing what is, quite simply, a perfect face. She has a smile that would give a monk diabetes. Teeth like a bowl of Chianti. The body is everything a body ought to be. Perhaps twice during the entire press conference, she has taken her eyes off Malcolm Bricklin's face. She is Malcolm's companion. From Arizona. Now the Car. Really only a color picture of the car behind Malcolm's woolly head. The Bricklin, like the Girl, is beautiful and sexy and above all wholesome. The little man's dream car, the gold-winged beauty that was supposed to take your Chevy indignation and turn them inside out. A safety car that looked like a Corvette. The car that Malcolm built, born of the rugged-out enthusiasm of the Philadelphia workaholic who took his dream to New Brunswick, which, until 1973, he thought was a town in New Jersey or a company that made bowling balls.

Now, surrounded by 35 or 40 newsmen ("The New York Times called," somebody says), Malcolm is trying to explain why the company that built his dream car is in receivership. His dream is managerial hip: light microphones, pants, point sports shirt, boots and a Bricklin belt buckle with the gold-winged car on a black and silver metal silver. He couldn't contain. Mark Spitz good looks all in place. The pose is straight and honest. This guy could run a Williams-Wigton or DeSoto Race. In some people there is a quality of punch and momentum that goes beyond grace. It is fluid, like a push of oil sliding across a pane of glass. Not ease to make not even irritation. It is the quality of smooth, and Malcolm Bricklin has it. Malcolm is as smooth as a kitchen sink.

The reporters are going to be going over on the receiving ship. Malcolm says he could be bankrupt tomorrow. Pres-

umably broke. With nothing in his store but five dairy cows and two dairy horses in all down the Arizona lane. Five dairy cows. Two dairy horses. Since Malcolm Bricklin first heard of New Brunswick, people have put \$25 million into his dream car. Now the choices are: that his company is going down the toilet, and with the splash of a golf pro he can turn there and all about dairy horses and dairy cows. Vintage Bricklin. Scooter. But we can't say we weren't warned. Malcolm himself once told the world: "My trademark is the seat of my pants." Here, at this press conference, reporters are asked with questions about the future of his car and car money.

'Oh, the Bricklin. Oh the Bricklin! Let's just another. Edie! What are we? 80 N for the Yankee try to find hope in Golf they'll buy it! Let it be done! Let it be done!' — Charles F. Russell. From his New Brunswick hat song, *The Bricklin*.

At his own press conference a week later in Princeton, Richard Hatfield looks around. Or wanders. He wants to talk about his two-week trip to Japan where he has been seeing Japanese investors about New Brunswick. The reporters are more interested in the Bricklin situation. The Premier is a bit uneasy. He has three-thirty light-blue suit, white shirt and tie on. He looks every inch a man in a suit with the co-operation of Ontario's Bill Davis, Hatfield looks more like a Premier than any one of the other men. He has a pudgy somewhat gawky face. At 44 he is a perfectly successful business man and a successful politician. Essentially a mediocre man, it is hard to believe he has been picked to lead. And it is apparent he is having his press conference.

He glides through a lengthy statement about the Japanese trip, rarely looking up from the top of his head and movable with the name. "Two large trading companies, Matsui or Mitsubishi and Mitsubishi." The tension is broken somewhat when a nervous reporter calls him "Mr. Bricklin." Hatfield smiles and says: "We know where your mind is." All he will say, in fact, about the Bricklin affair is that his people are talking to investors in Toronto to see if they will take over the company. He won't name the investors or talk about the terms, though one thing is apparent from his tone. Bricklin and Hatfield

are now something less than good friends. Malcolm says he has made more than 40 calls to the Department of Economic Growth and wants a meeting with the Premier. Hatfield says rather coldly: "He knows if he wants to contact me, he can."

There has been no contact between the two men since, unfortunately, on September 18. Which was a bad day for both of them. Crows from one end of the country to the other crowed that they had been right; that the thing would never work in New Brunswick of all places for God's sake. More than 700 bad-tempered men and women who put the car together were out of work. Crows were saying Hatfield had played fair and loose with the public purse. The Opposition wanted his head. What a lot of people forget was that the car had actually been built, 3,000 of them had rolled off the assembly line in East Windsor, New Jersey. What you turned the key the thing started. Both men, Bricklin and Hatfield, were promoters of their own dream. Bricklin dreamed of a safe, steady sports car with his name on it, with off-the-shelf parts and a standard engine to keep even down. Hatfield dreamed he could finally manage a Mainline province away from the image of water between and water disasters.

Malcolm Bricklin was born to handle. He sees himself as a man whose job is to push products. Byre, piece, piece, online, messenger and sell, baby, sell. "But remember," he says, "you can sell anything once, to add it twice you have to prove you have something to sell." So he pushed cars. He never missed that when the Second World War 150 independent car companies have been founded and all but two—Lotus and Porsche—have gone broke. Malcolm did not want to wind up another Preston Tucker or the Tucker Torpedo which sold 47 cars before collapsing in the late Forties. Malcolm's car would be different. Its selling for one thing was superb. People liked about it. And it was safe. Occupants sat surrounded by a solid steel frame to which was attached a steel shell. The body was made of acrylic with a fiberglass underlayer which meant it would never rust. It was comfortable to drive, a bit noisy perhaps, but it was unique. Besides, Malcolm had a record of some success. A drop-out from the University of Florida ("I majored in race and

Bricklin and his malcontent any body member Preston Tucker and his Torpedo?

Joseph's brother) opened a chain of drive-in hardware stores called Handyman America Inc. He sold his interest reportedly for over million dollars (although his statement says he didn't make as much on the deal and he won't say before he was 25). A year later Handyman went broke. He then decided to help innocent lot of July 1960 340,000 Lamberton auto owners in the United States. He got the best deal on the side of selling them to police departments. It worked. The cops bought them, and Mulcairn made a lot of money. As he did when he took over the American drive-in business of the Japanese car, the Subaru. It was the Subaru that put him on a map of a class car called the Bratlin. "Here was selling a car that looked like everyone else's with a name no one could pronounce and I was into the top 10 out of 33 imports. So I knew it was possible to sell weird quantities of a special kind of car. I was doing it," Mulcairn was making money, living well in Arizona, but he started looking to build his Bratlin. So he started working in June 1971. Mulcairn found Canada.

In 1972, Mulcairn tried to contact Quebec car company Quebecor with the idea to build the first drive-in store in Bratlin. So he looked for his car and saw Mulcairn's New Brunswick. In the spring of 1973, when the two men met each other for the first time. Mulcairn had a day prototype of the car and took more than a concept. He was intrigued. He felt the vegetation of green means support and delighted by the prospect of financial backing from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion in Ottawa, 1974, however, was slow in coming through, and Mulcairn was anxious for Bratlin to move to New Brunswick (in an industry poor province with 7% unemployment, time is an important factor). Mulcairn decided to move to his own New Brunswick post 350,000 for 705,000 shares of Bratlin Canada Ltd. and authorized a \$2.85-million loan guarantee from the bank of Montreal. Bratlin's and was supposedly the design and development rights to the car with a book value of one million dollars. Under the original agreement, the cars would be produced by Mulcairn's holding company, General Vehicle Inc. of Delaware. GM would be allowed to purchase the Bratlin shares from the province. Under a weird royalty plan, Bratlin Canada would pay to the province \$31.25 on each of the first 40,000 cars and \$42.50 on each of the next 100,000 cars. No royalties have been paid so far.

Bratlin set up in a one-time paint brush factory in Saint John and work started on building an assembly line. Production was to begin in March, 1974, at a rate of 1,000 a day. Bratlin's first car was built in a "100% wrong" in its production. Six months later, by October, production was barely 30 cars a day. Because of the attention he was getting in the media, Bratlin was under heavy pressure to get his cars back. He began spending money, huge



Mulcairn speaks at troubled times, all true hours back in the media

got to it. Just over a million dollars went for production equipment, half a million for plant looking, manufacturing processes took up three quarters of a million. By May, 1974, he needed more money. Hatfield announced more financing: \$1.2 million from New Brunswick, three million dollars from First Pennsylvania Bank and a three-million dollar loan from GM.

Meanwhile, General Vehicle had been living up deadlines in the United States. 220 in the Northwest who paid 35,000 for the right to sell it. In the early days of the operation, dealers were delighted with the Bratlin. One man in Augusta, Maine, said in 27 years as an auto dealer he had never seen as much excitement over a new car. In fact, it looked as if Bratlin would be on the road in its first year's production.

Because of the rush to produce a lot of cars, the quality began to slip. Headlights covers kept falling off, parts didn't fit right, water leaked up in the hooding system, weather stripping around the doors, interior smells. The dealers were screaming for more cars. In October, 1974, New Brunswick made a "shareholders loan" of two million dollars in exchange for unused equity on the car. It also acquired more shares in the company, raising its equity to 67%. November was election month in New Brunswick. Former Bratlin campaigner in a Bratlin with the slogan "You gotta believe." But that's not all he did. On November 14, two weeks before the election, he passed an Order for General Vehicle to pay one million dollars "for the purpose of making an investment in New Brunswick." The "investment" was to keep the share off from foreclosing on Mulcairn's Saint John plant. On November 15, five days before the election, he passed another order for one million dollars "for the purpose of investing in an industry in New Brunswick." It wasn't until after the election in which Hatfield won that the Legislature's 38 seats that the "industry" moved in the order was known to be Bratlin.

Canada. Hatfield says it is the province in New Brunswick to announce grants in the Royal Gazette without naming the industry because the terms of the financing might not be under review.

In December, another \$2.5 million was given to Bratlin and in January Hatfield announced another \$7.5 million, bringing the total of federal and provincial money to \$22 million. In the meantime, Mulcairn announced that Ralph Hatfield had been named president of Bratlin Canada, a position once held by Mulcairn's father, Albert, at \$30,000 a year. Henry had no background in automobiles, but he was known to be a car buff. He was also a vice-president of First Penn Bank, and First Penn Bank was worried about its money. It is now clear that Henry was installed as president only to oversee First Penn's investment. Bratlin was having problems keeping its production up to the break-even point of 22 cars a day, and Mulcairn was promised one among the selling point of the car. At first he refused. After all, it had been his dream to sell the car for less than \$5,000. But the price had to go up. Last winter General Vehicle Inc. had been buying Bratlin for \$5,000 and selling them to dealers for \$6,000. The dealers were selling them for \$7,000. Ultimately the selling price went to \$9,000. Auto experts said the car should have been sold for \$15,000 apiece in the first place.

By June of this year, the money was drying up. Mulcairn was being contacted by his creditors, his interest payments alone ran to \$300,000 a month, not counting overhead labor and materials to build the cars. Mulcairn said publicly he needed more provincial money to keep the project going. Some Hatfield cabinet ministers were showing signs of depleted enthusiasm. People were complaining about incompetent management at Bratlin. Finally, Hatfield decided the person could not comply with Mulcairn's request for another \$10 million in aid, and on September 26, he put the company into receivership. Mulcairn was told about the receivership 15 minutes before it happened.

"I thought that," says Mulcairn without smiling. "The receivership decision doesn't look like a brilliant one." He is looking toward that morning sitting in the breakfast lounge of the Hyatt Regency in Toronto. He has just flown in from Phoenix with the lovely Colleen. The Hyatt Regency is where broker people stay. But Mulcairn would rather spend his last hundred on a good hotel and a good meal than go to a class. He can squander some chicken soup as usual. He doesn't drink or smoke. He is in Toronto to talk to reporters. He will be interviewed on television, radio, and shows, press conferences, anything to get his message out. Mulcairn uses the media the way the rest of us use chicken, a delicacy to him in terms of food. Now he has to pay about receivership. "It's so bad to be put into this position we do it now. The jury

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Business

IN TODAY'S MARKET, A BREAK-EVEN DAY IS CAUSE FOR REJOICING



The Toronto Stock Exchange: no quiet you can hear on a sell-off day.

Canadian stock exchanges are really, despite marketplaces these days, still one of a wholesale business on the part of its largest investors who have found safer, more profitable riches for their money. During the past 18 months brokerage houses have tried to foist with clients profitable regulations—a response of the market's economic health. The market is so hot that brokers rarely speak of profit; it is measured in how fast they keep their assets each month. In fact, a broker's house is considered a success if it has managed to keep losses below six figures. The market's increasingly lower morale and wholesale defections by buy brokerage companies. The number of approved persons—those allowed to take stock orders—had declined in Toronto alone to 4,000 at March 31 from 5,300 a year earlier.

The unhappy marketplace has caused people with in Jack Lynden, former vice-president of the Toronto Stock Exchange to flee to Alberta and a stock exchange in Calgary. Others such as Peter Cole, a former partner at Cushman, Murray, and Waisel Ltd., took a guided tour proffered by a major bank for "500,000 a year and a full black-out." Jonathan White ditched his position as an analyst with Pfeiffer, Marcus, Rens and Co. Ltd. for the relative security of a job in an advertising sales office with the Globe and Mail.

The catalogue of woes afflicting stock-brokers in Canada is almost large enough to make Captain Hornblower's ship stop. Some shunps in stock market prices, the federal government is on-edge off-again

there on dividends and a double-digit rate of inflation have forced investors to seek out low-risk markets. By the end of September the five Canadian exchanges reported dollar value of trading had declined 12.5% while physical volume was down 21% from a year earlier. At the Toronto Stock Exchange the members are working a pay-per-day because that exchange has failed to have a break-even day (BIT) until late in volume since the end of July. The

Toronto Stock Exchange trading activities comparison for the 1974 fiscal year

	1974 Fiscal year	1973 Fiscal year	% Change
Volume	402,781,108	394,889,942	-2.2
Value	\$9,892,553,828	\$9,380,384,671	-48.9
Transactions	1,248,752	1,081,706	-22.7
Average Daily Volume	816,529,137	828,358,528	-18.9
Average Daily Volume	1,684,556	2,747,880	-29.0
Average Price/Share	\$7.31	\$8.40	-13.8
Average Value/Trade	\$2,722.20	\$8,559.00	-12.3

(Source: Toronto Stock Exchange)

problem is made more acute because of brokers' traditional reliance on bank loans to run the business. A conservative estimate of their indebtedness is \$154 million or a full 70% of the Canadian brokerage industry's capitalization. To cut costs and survive, much loss-proving brokers have been unglamorous and merging with the few and moribund of existing firms. During the month ended March 31 the two had eight members failed and two more. Since then three more have quit the business and lost last month an additional

seven—both the offspring of previous mergers—announced they would again merge. Brokerage houses that once celebrated their salesmen to usurp the praise of free-market competition are now finding it better to combine forces.

Domestic brokerage houses are also incurring pressure to adopt double competitive brokerage fees in three U.S. coastal ports were forced to do recently. Canadian companies charge a 35% fee for both purchase and sale plus a 10% surcharge on orders of \$5,000 or more. They are currently trying to convince the Ontario Securities Commission's chairman, lawyer Arthur Birtley, to permit dual commissions and a special surcharge. But, however, has served notice he is unwilling to support the surcharge and dual commissions exclusively.

In an effort to find new sources of revenue for their cash-strapped operations, the exchanges are living out such schemes as opening trading in Montreal which will become a year volume of the Toronto and Montreal exchanges—if they ever settle their differences. The options experiment has proved to be a bit of a flop, however, with only 300 contracts traded in the average week, compared with the record one million plus that changed hands on the Chicago Exchange in July.

If things weren't bad enough already Vancouver Stock Exchange president Cyril White says his exchange will have to

close (the New Democratic Party minister in charge, H. Munn, would increase investor uncertainty and high projected losses on orders for a 25% slump in the dollar volume in the first six months of 1975). The vic, hasn't been helped though, by the well-publicized shenanigans of promoters of low-risk-prospecting shares that make up much of its volume and have caused it a reputational loss. William Lewis to crack down on promoters. The exchange was recently forced to bid trading on Canada's New-

found Corp. Ltd. until officers and directors agreed to stop dillybilly in company shares.

The inexperience has considerably reduced enthusiasm for an Atlantic Stock Exchange, being announced by former vice-president John Van Lanen. Localities' "undesirable elements" from the other exchanges looking to the Atlantic Coast and forming an Atlantic Exchange was a "very speculative and marginal share." Van Lanen claims he has more than 200 applications for listing on his exchange and still hopes to get it off the ground by June.

The best hope brokers have for a recovery in policy in market activity is interest transactions later this year. Until that happens they will continue trying to make a dollar in the bond and money markets just to keep the rent paid and the lights turned on.

MATTHEW BIRN

A challenge to the chair

"This hearing is significant and in terms of its magnitude and pervasiveness of its issues," intoned Marshall Crowe, chairman of the National Energy Board, in the opening remarks, into the microphone. Mountain Valley natural gas pipeline, the multi-billion dollar project that has been postponed with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway that even before any evidence was heard from the companies proposing to build the pipeline, two public interest groups—the Canadian Arctic Resource Committee and the Committee for Justice and Liberty Foundation—challenged Crowe's right to chair this hearing. They contend he may be biased in favor of the project. Crowe, vice-chairman, advised the hearings for two days to go on his next move.

As he saw his predicament there were three options: step down and in effect, admit bias, carry on as if nothing had happened, or refer the matter to the Federal Court of Appeal. For a speedy decision, which is what he did. The court will deal with the matter December 18 and said then Crowe plans to carry on even though the hearings may have to be held again if the court finds reasonable grounds for suspecting him biased.

The two public interest groups, following the lead of Canadian Arctic Resource Committee, which originally raised the question of potential conflict, contend that Crowe is guilty of bias in two respects. First, he was president of the Canada Development Corp. from 1971 to 1973 and as such was a member of the management committee of the commission planning the pipeline. Second, in department secretary of the cabinet in 1969-1970, he was involved in approving the planning for the pipeline. To back up these charges the environmentalists refer to a series of articles carried recently by the Toronto Star which say Crowe chaired a key government policy meeting on pipelines in May 1970. The theory is that a man who



Trampling out the vintners

The Rothschilds, renowned for vintners and wine makers, would be black at the thought. But in reality, on the other hand, they are happy to lobby the provincial government for a new-to-Canada blue-on-imposed water. It's not so much a win-win, but enough already to buy an expensive bank of Italian or French plunk. It's domestic vintners have succeeded in persuading the Liquor Act amendments. But to debt almost all imported wine costing less than three dollars a bottle and for a 1.1% markup on average over that price compared with the 60% levied against such domestic products as Black Jack, Double Jack, Berry Jack, Cherry Jack and Grape Jack. The province may be amenable to the scheme, the rationale being a large grape crop that needs processing. Dealers don't seem that concerned over the possible loss. As one liquor store manager explained, "There, no, we look on Gold Deck as a line imposed water."

participates in the development of policy cannot then freely decide against those policies.

Crowe acknowledges but says that the management committee of the pipeline commission, which has since split into two groups, but says he is not a member of either. As well as his experience in the cabinet, he cannot do so just any conflict of interest. He says that in a previous position, he was a member of a committee to study the pipeline. He says that in a previous position, he was a member of a committee to study the pipeline. He says that in a previous position, he was a member of a committee to study the pipeline.

Canadian Arctic Resource Committee and the Committee for Justice and Liberty Foundation—challenged Crowe's right to chair this hearing. They contend he may be biased in favor of the project. Crowe, vice-chairman, advised the hearings for two days to go on his next move. As he saw his predicament there were three options: step down and in effect, admit bias, carry on as if nothing had happened, or refer the matter to the Federal Court of Appeal. For a speedy decision, which is what he did. The court will deal with the matter December 18 and said then Crowe plans to carry on even though the hearings may have to be held again if the court finds reasonable grounds for suspecting him biased.

The battle over possible bias will be far from over even if the federal court rules against Crowe. The next person in line to chair the hearings is Douglas Fraser, the 64-year-old former Premier, however, is a former associate with Canada Development Corp. from 1971 to 1973 and as such was a member of the management committee of the commission planning the pipeline. Second, in department secretary of the cabinet in 1969-1970, he was involved in approving the planning for the pipeline. To back up these charges the environmentalists refer to a series of articles carried recently by the Toronto Star which say Crowe chaired a key government policy meeting on pipelines in May 1970. The theory is that a man who

Then, as fate would have it... John Shubert, the U.S. industrial oil entrepreneur has always had a flair for the spectacular. Whether it was giving Newfound Promoters, they had found or Frank Moore to points such as his com-

pany airplane or testing the Queen Elizabeth II to carry 800 of his closest friends to his home-by-Chance refinery. Shubert was one of Newfoundland's promoters accepted. During the Ash of oil embargo he even loaded on his Labrador refinery to keep up supplies flowing to his refinery. Finally last month it appeared that the challenge supervisors had not lost of Shubert to produce from his \$500-million Newfoundland refinery was hard pressed by creditors and unless new financing could be found it appeared as if the facility might follow New Brunswick's Broken venture into receivership. But as the stage lights were beginning to dim on



Shubert: the luck of the Labrador

Chance-by-Chance, grows Shubert came up with a third mortgage on the property, thereby saving his own investment and possibly Frank Moore's political career.

The prior Shubert has been forced to pay for the Indian operation is correct. Management of the refinery has been then over to Universal Oil Products Corp. of Chicago, which paid \$16.5 million in selected notes. Marketing has been assumed by Asaka American Inc., a Japanese trading company to which the refinery owes several hundred million dollars in unsecured debt. Shubert will regain control of it and when the refinishing begins

paying its debts, Moore says. UOR and Anika are only the tip of Shabazz's list of creditors. Chicago's First National Bank has lent the promoter's company \$20 million on a secured basis, while Renau's Export Credit Guarantee Department holds a \$10-million first mortgage on the plant and Newfoundland itself owns the \$40.5-million second mortgage. All have agreed to provide extra financing.

Shubert has attributed the plant's problems to faulty design by Process Inc. subsidiary of C&C Motors, however his support is to spread the blame more evenly among Process, a drop in world demand for oil, spiraling material costs and federal regulations governing oil exports from Canada. The premier has continued throughout the crisis to support Shubert as "an unusual entrepreneur" with "a lot to offer" Newfoundland. His support is a far cry from the position he took before toppling Smallwood in 1971. Then he was a Shubert opponent and predicted the oilman's problems.

ERLE MACURDY

Say it ain't so, Uncle Ben

It is difficult to drive through the frozen town of northern British Columbia's without running across "Uncle" Ben Guter's face-painting as you pass beer cans, soft drink bottles and wine jugs. The heavily bearded construction-worker-turned-artist has made his murky smile a trademark for his construction-brewery-bottling empire, which is now worth an estimated \$15 million. But the painting got so big a riot of rage earlier this month as Guter vowed to sell off all his holdings (except for Alberta and so forth).

Under the president is a deep disaffection with Premier David Ben-Gurion's new government and its pro-labor policies. Last June when he closed down an inefficient Richmond soft drink plant, planning to combine it with a new brewery being built nearby, he 24 workers howled with rage over the layoffs. They quickly won support from the so-called Federation of Labor, which shut down his Prince George area plants and blocked his cash flow. Genset was forced to pay each of the workers \$1,500 in cash and put them back on the payroll.

Earlier this month he began selling off his construction equipment and winding up this stage of his operation: "I've had the blood drained out of me. It's just so frustrating," he said. Skrepeta points out, though, that there may be more bad than bad in his advice. The construction business had been so slow for Guster that he was forced to lay off all but five employees earlier this year and the equipment he put up for sale would probably in six months pay him anything. They also note that Uncle Ben's often coincides with a previous election campaign. Guster may pull out but the real sign of his exit will be the sale of his brewery and bottling operations. In the meantime, no one is taking bets on his next move. **HEATH/DAVIDSON**

With a little magic card the future's on the tab

Business Column by Terrence Bellford

Candidates as a nation and as individuals are being coaxed and coaxed into debt. Each year we borrow a little more and run a slightly larger deficit of our take-home pay over to the corporate bill collectors. In 1963, the average Canadian owed \$290 to the banks, trust companies and other groups holding for liquidity. By 1974 that figure had grown to \$240. Part of the reason for this growth is increasing wages but part is a concentrated effort by those who lend money to increase their business at our expense.

Consider the proliferation of charge cards in 1974, floating around the country there were four million Charge cards. 126 million Master Charge cards, 435 million department store credit cards, 10 million gas company credit cards, 100,000 bank credit cards, 100,000 such as American Express and Diners Club, and 295,000 airline credit cards. Together they accounted for 32% of all retail sales in 1973 at about \$85 billion. The charged banks, through Charge and Master Charge put 51.4 billion in cash on hand in 1974, and the banks had a profitable year. Since then the banks have been pushing very hard to increase their charge card business. Between the end of June 1974 and the end of March 1975, the amount of money the banks had lent out on their charge card plans increased by about \$12 billion at a charge card rate of about \$120 for each bank card holder in Canada.

There is no real secret in why the banks are pushing to ban Charters as opposed to a consortium of the Royal Toronto-Dominion, Commerce, Royal Bank and Banque Canadienne Nationale which would make Charters a joint venture. The banks are pushing to ban Charters because they are worried that the banks' Charters are a simple fact is that the chartered banks make more money with charge cards than almost any other aspect of their operations. An accidental study prepared by an inner bank working group, purporting for the 1977 Bank Act reviews, shows the average cost of money for banks—what it costs the banks to borrow the money they lend to you—was 5.46%. They would in fact lend this money at normal commercial rates, which averaged 11.08% that year and make a profit of 5.62%. Do charge cards really cost the banks less than interest on loans charged to customers at 18% and the profit margins to 11.08%?

In a confidential document prepared by a working group from the Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank, CIBC and Toronto-Dominion, the banking community gives a

the future, which was they will be going to work and live in the cities in the future. The group of the older high school based demonstrators on the bank's developing "psychosocial skills" convinced the public there is nothing wrong about further borrowing and to relieve their "needs anxiety." The group also conducted a demographic survey of bank card users to find new areas for marketing and promotion of the cards. What they found was a large group where there was a whole new area for exploitation, the poor, especially the working high school dropout earning less than \$8,000 a year. Apparently there were no figures on charge card use by widows and dependents.

The basic plan to pursue the poor, done by providing credit counseling through branch offices in low-income areas and then by providing "a meaningful alternative for them in places of finance corporations and even banks." The rationale was that the working poor have a "barrier and just the working poor have a barrier in getting credit from banks and credit is a key factor in their poverty. The bank rejects their requests it is a more subtle way. Since they would manage their personal affairs better, they would become desirable customers with a stronger commitment to banks, thus enhancing our market position." If the loan sharks decide to fight back, they should take a page from the "business school" and develop a "business model of what the market is and how to improve customer with the slogan 'If we pay you, we'll lower the wage'."



Along the way that Detroit lawyer Dan Maloney was co-counsel in the Maple Leaf defense, Glendon at Maple Leaf Court Attorney-General Roy McMurtry, his wife, Rita Jean, and two close employees in a home-cooked dinner, carrot cake and dijonaise. It was McMurtry's first night in the attorney-general's pajamas. What McMurtry, 43, became was the new francophone incumbent, in which the Glendon incident, at which the Wing Forward (once voted)

[illegible]

Maloney, Glenn: 'police-run' hospitals

McMurtry's edit and the subsequent incident will have a major impact on the game. Already 1981 referee-in-chief Scotty Morrison has instructed his officials to strictly enforce Rules 44 and 46, respectively covering deliberate attempts to injure and deliberate injury.

Glenn, who could later recall little of the fight, said he was sorry to be the center of a controversy. Last summer, confiding to friends that the trend to violence on no-disputed him, he said he hoped a controversy would be registered against Dave Forbes the Boston Bruin forward who had been charged with aggravated assault following a fight with Henry Bouche, then with the Minnesota North Stars. (Forbes' one-day trial later ended in a hung jury.)

The rise of the current incident is the Maloney 23 a six-foot-two, 185-pound native of Barrer, Ont., was invited to lead in the Rally for North Vietnam two years ago. And just last month, local owner Harold Bufford called Maloney as the type of rugged player he wanted to improve his team. In his four-year, three-team career, Maloney has been involved in numerous fights. During his rookie season, he and Buffalo's Orlin Perreault squared off in a barroom brawl, broke their noses. Two months later, he was in a barroom fight with a fellow Maloney, a carer, says. "He's a little more on the ice. He plays with clenched teeth," Maloney himself insists. "I don't get on to me not understanding to hurt anyone. But I'm aggressive. I use my elbow and my shoulders."

McMurry's move against what one hockey player called "cheap-guy violence" comes less than one week after Wayne Gretzky and Bobby Hall staged a one-game walkout in protest of violence in the NHL. In one newspaper advertisement, McMurry claimed, the WHA's Minnesota Fighting Saints even agreed fans to "come watch the violence on ice." Now, hockey fans everywhere will be watching the outcome of the McMurry case. (He faces a possible two-year suspension under suspension provisions if the charges stick, and McMurry "thinks" he might well be able to enjoy the game again and get away from the on-ice violence of the rilly derby. **CLARENCE**)

Tiger, Tiger burning dim
Late last year, after the Dulles Tiger chucked up a singularly impressive 0-4 record in the Atlantic Intercollegiate Football Conference, the school embarked on a program to recruit potential college players. "We told them who we were and what we had to offer," says Dr. Mike Elfin, director

line of Dan's school of physical education "that so prevalent no inducements." Well, so one can say the program has been a total disaster: the ill-named Tigers won one game this season in 36-35 squeaker over the Mount Allison Mounties. But despite the disappointment, the future of football at Dalhousie remains doubtful, and this month is what may be a president-summit move: the school's athletic and administrative officers will meet to formally consider withdrawing from the AUC.

The continuing frustration of the boys (which lost by scores of 61-7, 43-7 and 51-0) coupled with the pressure of family and friends (who often took defeat harder than the players) have enacted a heavy toll. One wept and outplayed the team versus frustrations in emotional outbursts on the field. One player, so embarrassed by a lap-sided defeat, quit the team. His girl friend had been in the stands.

Performances weren't the only thing that hurt. Several blocks south of the campus sits rival St. Mary's University, home of perhaps the best-known recruitment program in Canadian college sports. Not coincidentally, the two blockers have been AHC champions four consecutive years.

While ethnic scholarships are illegal in Canada, inducements—anything from straight cash payments to waiving of tuition or residence fees—one largely unde-



Ellie and Megan testing isn't everything, but her Debrahlee is almost the only thing

Finally the Canadian Interscholastic Athletics Union, the governing arm of college sports, and nowhere are they a teacher to be seen than in Halifax where Dalhousie's rigid no-indenture policy and demerit record are subject to reviews comparable with St. Mary's sports recruitment practices and football supremacy. St. Mary's officials flatly deny any wrongdoing, "I have never known of any outright grants of money to students, nor any form of remuneration or incentive," insists Bob MacLean, St. Mary's athletic director for 16 years. "But always did have a host money," says the

Sports

DAN MALONEY, THE ANSWER TO McMURTRY'S FONDEST DREAMS

tion of Dan's school of physical education "that we prevailed on inducements." Well, no one can say the program has been a total disaster: the ill-named Tigers won one game this season in 36-35 squeaker over the Moses Alkeme Mountains. But despite the improvement, the future of football at Dulacres remains doubtful and the month in what may be a president-carrying move the school's athletes and administrators officials will meet to formally consider withdrawing from the AACC.

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Finally the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union, the governing arm of college sports. And nowhere are they a teacher to us, as they are in Halifax, where Dalhousie's rigid no-inducement policy and dismal record are subject to scathing comment from St. Mary's sportsmen, recruitment practices and financial profligacy. St. Mary's officials flatly deny any wrongdoing. "I have never known of any outright grants of money to students, nor any form of remuneration or incentive," insists Bob Haines, St. Mary's athletic director for 16 years. "But always did have a host money," says the

son, chairman and former football star, who remembers his own rise to the business. Ontario means love to brag about it. If DeRose ultimately decides to withdraw, it will find ready company with Mount Allison, the University of New Brunswick and the University of Prince Edward Island, each of which previously favour two levels of competition: one for the active students and one, as UNB's Peter Kelly puts it, "for those who play in the spirit of inter-collegiate competition." Meanwhile, a small but growing core of DeRose coaches feels the competition that has marred some competition would inevitably develop in a second league as well. And if they have their way, there's a better shot even closer that DeRose will abandon college football altogether.

MAURICE MACDONALD

Brooklyn Phil and Boston Brad

Every year for almost a decade, New York Ranger hockey fans have been expecting their teams to win the Stanley Cup. The Rangers had solid goaltending, good defencemen and enough talent on the forward lines to assemble an all-star team. But it's been 35 years since the Rangers won hockey's most coveted prize, and now a mixture of fan apathy and on-ice ineptitude has kept the Rangers from winning the trophy. In fact, the team's record was a record of failure. The Rangers completed one of the most comprehensive check-ups in sport history, and unveiled some of the league's highest-priced help. Among the casualties were: goalie Chris Velimire (to Chicago for defenceman Doug Jansen); Derek Sanderson and his estimated \$340,000-a-year salary (to St. Louis for a low-rent 1977 draft pick) and goalie Ed Giacomin and his estimated \$150,000-a-year salary (to Detroit for the \$30,000 waiver price).

But the franchise deal was the one that



Park and Exports: musical jockstrap

sent Ranger defencemen and captain Brad Park (to St. Louis) and goalie Ken Dryden (to Pittsburgh). But the deal was not the Boston Bruins, who this year have been almost as ripe as the Rangers. In return, the Bruins received centre Phil (to \$300,000-a-year) and defenceman Carol Vadnais. Most hockey observers viewed it most as an attempt to reinvigorate the wretched two sides. Still, Rangers general manager Emilio Frazee, "Long term contracts lead to complacency. Everyone can notice no matter who he is, he can be traded."

BY HARVEY FENBERG

Penalty to McMurtry...two minutes for grandstanding

Sports Column by John Robertson

Professional sports leagues thrive on balance. On any given day, almost any team can beat any other. But the such parity exists in the Legislature's House League of Ontario where the once invincible Tories led by Coach Bill Davis, have suddenly discovered their political future hanging by one thread: the Blue Devils. One line this season and Bill Davis could well be on his knees.

Growing publicly aware at the threat are the Liberals and New Democrats, who know that even a tight break could trigger—you'll pardon the expression—a snap election. To make matters worse, Davis is enjoying the remnants of a cabinet supplemented with resignation and defeat that he's had to promote a new boy up from the minors—Attorney-General Roy McMurtry—to gloss over the crumbling woodwork with a desperation coating of shiny glue, which he knows will hardly resemble motherhood. Next to turning against the Conservatives, the most popular exercise in Ontario these days is dodging up-and-down—in hockey as well as in politics. And what better way to reflect the party's ties to motherhood than to rise out of the murky depths of Hamilton Harbour and drag some of that mud at the National Hockey League. I mean, who is for violence as anything, let alone hockey?

So McMurtry is going for the Lady Byng Trophy as the House League's most gentlemanly player is suddenly considered "rebellious" television viewers are expected to see on the ice which may be in contravention of the Criminal Code. If McMurtry might more appropriately have confined his concerns to amateur hockey where parental indifference, taciturn officiating and unqualified coaching have indeed led to excessive violence. This would have been good sense but not good politics. To grab the political headlines he has to attack the single leagues.

If the promising Terry O'Leary wants to dredge up the criminal code and apply it liberally to what goes on in pro sports, the jabs will soon be jammed with two-man punches—firstly charges that have little to do with violence. Several Municipalities, for example, could have paid-off been accused for zoning during their recent 46-6 loss to Ottawa. The great Agass Jackson who is three times premier's son—firstly coach and Elmer's name—would be charged with conspiring with paid musicians to conspire against assault. The entire New York Ranger hockey club—such as it is—could be charged with accepting money under fraudulent circumstances.



McMurtry: politician, head himself

save your partner and swing him afterwards. The late Don Messer did this for 10 years on TV with impunity, and nobody faulted with him. But the most shocking offence may turn out to be holding.

The sports of one man swinging his arms around another in public offend all our sensibilities and should lead to at least a charge of indecent assault. If performed against the boards, I wouldn't rule out battery. I talked with son, prominent Clarence Campbell about it. McMurtry may survive, and he will. There is less violence in hockey today than there ever has been before. Premier Davis also has continued to exercise violence on television and I don't want to hear how hockey sticks up against politicians that depict murder rape and assault. Until then McMurtry's concerns seem to be so much political noise.

After, Face it: hockey and football are sports that require physical contact. If a kid is a pecker, that trait will have been developed long before he will have a hockey rink. In amateur hockey, the onus is on the parents to see that their child's behaviour on ice. If they can't discipline a boy in the 12 hours he isn't on skates, what chance does a rule book have? Frankly, I think hockey does a better job of policing its own than government. As Premier Davis does his tightrope act on that Big Bear thread, he might consider that governments, like motherhood, can shut about the credibility of Daddy's politicians and respect.

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."



"In the Polynesian

Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing...that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.



"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck—wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers."

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Behavior

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD: REPEALING THE CANADIAN WAY OF DEATH

The patient, a 46-year-old alcoholic, was dying of cancer and pain. Yet then he was lying quietly in his hospital room, moving at his own pace, his head on the bed, his hand on the pillow, his eyes closed. He had died, not on the bed, but in the comfort of his own home.

Here in this one was a special word in Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital dedicated to a unique commitment: removing

understanding that characterizes the experience of the French-Canadian. The word was created a year ago by Dr. Raoul Moat, himself a recovered cancer patient. Moat became aware that hospitals regarded as they are to the living, are distant places in which to die—yet as he realized, 50% of the entire population will die in there. He also suspected that hospital staff actually view death as a kind of failure and have little idea how to deal with terminal

both required and persistent care. The hospital's greatest success had come from helping the terminally ill stay with their families until hospital care was absolutely necessary, thereby reducing the average hospital stay to 13 days (compared to 30 days at the Royal Vic). Moat took this economic saving and the considerable humanitarian gain back to the Royal Vic with the suggestion that he be allowed to attempt a pilot project.

Convinced, the Montreal unit has only 12 beds and the usual death institutional decor. But Moat's project has been regarded so highly that plans have been made to create a new section for 40 beds in a home-like environment when the hospital's expansion is completed in 1978. As at St. Christopher's, Moat's patients are encouraged to return home in temporary respite. When they are hospitalized, patients are looked after by 10 staff members plus 50 volunteers who have all taken special courses set up by Moat at McGill University. Staff members, trained to monitor home care, consult family members in coping with domestic crises. Most important, says Moat, his staff and the volunteers have learned how to talk without discomfort to someone who is dying and to provide the simple comforts that can soften a patient's sense of loneliness and anguish.

Moat's pioneering efforts have been paralleled at Winnipeg's St. Boniface hospital. Under the direction of Dr. David Skolnik, the hospital's 37-year-old general director, Winnipeg's terminal ward is not a new, sterile and impersonal environment, as most of the dying "have to live for whatever time is left." Once patients learn this, explains Skolnik, "they inevitably die better deaths. Our staff knows that they have to get out in nature, to sympathize and they have to know how to deal with their own feelings, because in the end they are often lost."

The new approach to death practiced by Moat and Skolnik may all but dominate the awkward and pathetic scenes often reported in hospitals, especially emergency wards. As word of their success has spread, doctors have begun to view the death and disease philosophy. But Moat is convinced that the need to adopt new attitudes toward death requires a higher priority: the 30-year-old undertaker now faces government should support his vision of separate hospices devoted exclusively to helping patients and their families cope more easily during the hours of their greatest need.

SHIRAZ GORRELY



Bright passage: The men on the right was with his brother when he died with dignity at the Royal Vic. He returns often now, a friend to dying strangers.

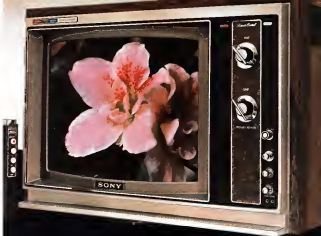
the fear and agony from the knowledge of imminent death. Indeed, choosing to die with one's day and one's own home is not unusual in the Royal Vic. Staff on the hospital's special dying unit believe that dying patients must live until the final moment of death—and do everything possible to prove it. Hospital regulations are ignored: patients can keep their own food and liquor and are served with a champagne-cordoned alcohol cocktail to ease pain. Visitors including pets and children, are welcome—anytime. So are patients' requests, however personal. One man had a large bed and hot for breakfast until the end, another had home-cooked meals delivered to his bed. Two teenage girls played their guitars for their mother at the end, a 22-year-old son kept his final vigil by ordering a bed board his mother and slept in the room holding her hand.

A dying experience by conservative treatment standards, the Royal Vic's death unit, especially created the guidelines can serve as a model for other hospitals. Terminal patients and their families share the freedom, comfort and

patients. To continue to die away from a quiet, peaceful atmosphere to death and to return to death in the Royal Vic, and to the patients, their families and the staff—everyone from patients and their families to the staff.

Moat found that 65% of the dying want to be told the "absolute truth," but most aren't. Doctors, he found, are afraid of death as anyone else. "We can't be comfortable in areas where we feel exposed," he explains. "The usual procedure is to tell the relatives who in turn decide not to tell the patient, supposedly because the shock would harm death. In fact, the patient usually figures it out for himself—the hard way. He can be confident that death is not a disaster as often. Nurses will tell him 'Oh, you're just having a bad day' or 'We'll have to go tomorrow.'"

Moat saw flower-bearing families of the dying, doctors with impetuous charity and some times even impatient for it to be over. In search of ideas to reverse this, he moved up at St. Christopher's Hospice in London, England. There he found a facility oriented solely for the dying, offering



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Science

HE BUILT A BETTER PUMP, AND THE WORLD BEAT A PATH TO HIS DOOR

Frank Hilla had been up for five days and nights when the idea came to him. Drawing between Grind River, BC and Nainok, he envisaged a pump that would move solids—coal, ore, fish, grain. That same day, he made the first drawings. Later, he had his plans patented, surprised the media,



Hilla and his magic pump: so what if he doesn't know how it works, it works

factors of a prototype, and the next day had his pump to unload berries from his pet into the Vancouver docks. "Had to be a magician to believe it," said Al Griffin, field manager of Norgate Fisheries. "It was just that good."

For Hilla—a 45-year-old Victoria fisherman with a grade eight education—it is even better. The magic pump has pushed him to the brink of international acclaim. American and Canadian investors have expressed more than casual interest. He is having it patented in 22 countries. And though he has not yet been offered it, he says he will net nearly five million dollars for the rights. The source of Hilla's newfound fame is an unassuming length of 90-cm pipe surrounded by a modified mesh. No matter what, it resembles a laundry-detergent, unassuming cogwheel. A small, round pump breathes from the wide end, like a handle. There are no moving parts. When liquid or gas is forced down the smaller pipe, it creates a jet of water inside the chamber. Even Hilla himself admits quite sure how it works. "Such a one-eyed, chicken in the other I understand it, but I can't put it into words." He knows the critics are critical. Rocket engineers can't improve on it.

They say you have to. Last winter, had

weather destroyed the BC ferry fishing fleet, Hilla's pump—well known to local fishers—could have been higher, had it not been for Hilla. In previous years, many fishing boats made the long perilous journey to Vancouver, and often faced a 30-hour wait to unload their catch. Last year, Hilla had two giant berths complete with parking cranes and forklifts loaded in Vancouver. Hilla's was coast—then just his pump to work. No boat wanted more than 20 minutes to unload. The operation still took more than 10 minutes. The fish were usually unloaded. Norgate successfully ordered six pumps.

His Hilla was something less than euphoric. "The fish side of it is so small that it isn't worth it," he says. Critically the pump has not, equally unimpressive applications. It means it can replace the conveyor belt and—taking dust so well in—ventilate the ship. It can remove debris in sewage treatment plants. It can move grain or stock feed. It can eliminate smogstacks in many factories by combining water with exhaust and then spraying on the solution a controlled cyclone. That works. The pump will be used experimentally as a submersed vacuum cleaner in a \$300-million environmental project to close the wind-eroded Okanagan Lakes. "Every job I go to," says Hilla, "people come up with a dozen new ideas." Hilla himself has always taken a people approach to life. He quit school because he was bored, operated his first fishing boat at 14 and ran his own logging camp at 19.

Three years ago, while hiking down his driveway, he conceived a gravity-driven hydraulic pressure to grade and size several yards of gravel on a second. "If you look at something and find it hasn't changed in 30 years, then you know there's got to be reason for improvement. That's the main aim of my invention."

None of this would have surprised Hilla's great-grandfather who looked the boy's head at birth and pronounced him a genius. "He's going to do great things in the world," said the older Hilla. He may have been right. Even now, in that mud of his right side of right to his pump, Hilla has found his attraction to five of his life's greatest inventions: on which he has no patents. And compared to those, he considers the magic pump in "small projects."

CONFIDENTIAL

Up and around in no time

Collisions between airplanes and flocks of birds have long posed a serious hazard to air travel. A few years ago, an attempt to

change the birds' flight patterns, the National Research Council began experimenting with radar-directed microwave. The approach ultimately proved too costly and was dropped—but not before the co-permeator, Dr. Joseph Tanner and his Queen's University colleague Dr. Cesar Romero-Sierra, noted unusual changes in the time of birds exposed to the waves. Among other things, they found a significant increase in the amount of collagen-like material. And collagen is the protein that makes up the bulk of the skin.

The discovery, which startled many biologists (most expressed outright disbelief), had dramatic implications. If collagen production were accelerated, then healing—on which the synthesis of this protein is a key step—might also be



Romero-Sierra and Tanner: the wounds heal fast here, they almost vanished

speeded up. To test the hypothesis, Tanner, 32, and Romero-Sierra, 43, experimented on rats (and later dogs) comparing healing rates of untreated wounds with those bathed in microwaves. The wounds exposed to microwaves healed faster. But the reduction rate was not as striking as they hoped. So Romero-Sierra, a neuroscientist, borrowed a pig from the boy's own healing test. He designed a bandage containing both the microwave device and batteries, a chemical that normally causes the immediate use of cells to swell up with plasma, and other substances found in the blood. The combination dramatically reduced healing time. Microscopic analysis showed that the field not only kept a tight hold of collagen-like material on the lips of the cut, but left the healed tissue visually undetectable, stronger than the original tissue, and cosmetically superior.

However, it may be some time before the bandage gains widespread use. While a

Toronto firm is looking up for production, the Department of National Health and Welfare is only now launching evaluation studies of the data. And both Tanner and Romero-Sierra insist that more tests will be needed before it is going to launch.

Has it really the major benefit of the electric bandage may be slowest. Says Tanner: "Think of the skyrocketing cost of maintaining a patient in a hospital bed. Reducing the healing time even fractionally and the resulting savings will be considerable."

DAVID WHELAN

Over to you, Flash Gordon

Until recently the U.S. defense department estimated that 60,000 Americans would die in military operations on international battlefields in the next 10 to 15 months after years of unrelenting reports, the Senate's foreign relations subcommittee on arms control declared the 60,000 figure unrealistic and optimistic. In fact, in many of 12 million people could be killed—not including Canadian casualties. (The committee estimated 1,800 Canadians would die "promptly" and 348,000 from illness.)

In the wake of their report it is little wonder that the Pentagon is now withdrawing a tank was found with anti-aircraft missiles with high-powered laser beams. According to that scenario, it would be a war fought in remote territory—Antarctica or even the moon—and without deaths. And while it remains uncertain just how the war would be decided (or whether the losers would accept the verdict), the United States is currently spending a whopping two billion dollars a year on research and development of automated weapons. "We already have lots of this automated ordinary hardware through defense departments control," says James Ruffell, president of Defense Marketing Services, Inc., a private but prestigious research group that supports new directions in military development.

It's not just spending, and potentially the most destructive weapons are those involving laser beams, recently placed in the highest energy level in the laboratory. In the open atmosphere, however, their effects are dissipated. To combat the problem, the defense department acquired \$771 million for laser research next year—an increase of 24% over 1979. A hefty portion of that total will be spent on the laser "trap" gun, which emits a beam that can track a lighter plane. Focus on the pilot's cockpit, bubble and cut through it in one split second. The resulting explosion depressurizes the aircraft, causing it to fall out of control.

As calling for they sound, the automated weapons may be necessary if mankind is to survive another major war. Last March, however, seriously on the North American lecture circuit, just recently. "If the Third World War is fought with nuclear weapons, the fourth will be fought with bows and arrows." BILL LOWTHER

Press

ON FLEET STREET, THE NEWS IS ALL BAD

Great Britain has long been recognized as the newspaper territory. It houses the world's most famous press, catering to the world's most avid readers. If some believe are superficial and overblown, the best are sophisticated, sophisticated and strong on history and perspective. These days, however, British newspapers—some of the world's most respected dailies—are confronting serious problems. Their very survival now hangs. Accustomed to fairly modest years of easy money, Fleet Street's 50,000 employees are caught in a financial crisis as they are losing several points of declining advertising revenues, sagging trade union restrictions and grotesque overstaffing. Printing and distribution employees often make more money than reporters who write the stories. Frustratingly, newspaper owners refuse to reorganize on staff. One publisher, the Mirror Group Newspapers' Red Pennington, still employs 11 men over 80.

No newspaper faces a more perilous future than the much-revered Observer. Britain's oldest surviving paper, The Observer is in the midst of a financial crisis. It is widely cited as the most successful newspaper in the world. It also faces a perilous future from the Sunday Times and the Sunday Telegraph, both of which have comparable dailies. All this has weighed heavily on Observer owner (and, until recently, editor) David Astor. Astor's spoken son of one of Britain's most aristocratic families, Astor 63, led the paper through its most difficult period this summer when circulation dropped by 72,000. A reported potential loss of \$1.6 million. Astor responded by laying off about 30% (from 700 to 500 employees). "This is the worst moment of my life," he told his son, James Astor, and drinks compiled in

concurrently with Astor's wishes but missed employees looked for only eight weeks of difficult bargaining. "We turned out our pockets to convince them there was nothing there. We let union negotiators look at our books because they think I have endless money. No private person could finance a newspaper now." In the end, the last-but-not-least, the paper represented a satisfying far paper.

Spitting words and smoking cigars in El Vero's second Fleet Street began Victorian newspaper brewer's power shift from news to composing room, which later met negotiations waiting. The country's trade unions appear frozen in several cities, slowing technological innovation and keeping on the payroll men who do little but collect their weekly cheques. "Running a Fleet Street paper is like playing roulette. It's all chance and no skill," says Mike Stoddart, the distinguished Toronto-born critic and political commentator of London's resident Evening Standard. Another sector of news media is experiencing the competing forces to make an important making change. No reply the learned downers to had a typewriter reading a novel. Asked why he had it, answered he replied, "I'm not paid to do that."

Now, with The Observer's circulation temporarily saved, Fleet Street is looking ahead to the report of the Royal Commission on the Press, expected to appear in January. Astor, for one, is hopeful of government subsidies. "The real question" he wrote in a letter to readers, "is whether these subsidies are to make it possible to create a newspaper service, without reducing their political independence in the process."

ALAN HARVEY

Astor, like Observer is one of the great papers of the world, but it is in a financial crisis. It is widely cited as the most successful newspaper in the world. It also faces a perilous future from the Sunday Times and the Sunday Telegraph, both of which have comparable dailies. All this has weighed heavily on Observer owner (and, until recently, editor) David Astor. Astor's spoken son of one of Britain's most aristocratic families, Astor 63, led the paper through its most difficult period this summer when circulation dropped by 72,000. A reported potential loss of \$1.6 million. Astor responded by laying off about 30% (from 700 to 500 employees). "This is the worst moment of my life," he told his son, James Astor, and drinks compiled in



Justice

WITH RESTITUTION, THE CRIMINAL NEVER GETS HIS DAY IN COURT

To those accustomed to its formality, rules of debate and the public exposure provided by defending oneself in a court of law, a sentencing and in some cases a terrifying experience—especially for young first offenders. One judge who is fairly aware of the personal torment experienced

equally important is the contrasting to naive youngsters and the importance of their acts. "We know that some of responsibility for their actions, they simply say the whole system is unfair and meaningless," says Burnham. "It's amazing how quickly the kids react once they have been brought

paraphrase. Had it been a few years earlier Judge Golden would likely have shipped the youth off to boarding school but Golden 34, does not see one particularly Indian youth any more, he stopped more than two years ago. Now, whenever he sits on Chies in a local juvenile court, two members of the Beauséjour Band stand by on the day—and it is they who effectively prosecute. In this instance they asked the boy to report to head of fact for six weeks to work off the cost of repairing his damage.

From that day forward, the boy changed. His schoolwork improved. He wanted summer jobs. He moved to Toronto to complete high school. It was exactly the sort of demerit Judge Golden, Chief Red Managay and others involved with the Island experiment hoped for when it began. But any experiment would have been welcome. In 1972 alone 39 youths had been charged with vandalism and theft involving the island's 130-odd residents. Even after 10 years on the bench, Golden felt inadequate in handling Indian cases. To bridge the cultural gap, he helped set up a series of "inter-views" and for the first time held court on the island itself.

The results immediately, however dramatic. Accustomed to seeing a dozen Indian youth in a month in the court, Judge Golden says he had only four sentences on Christian Island. This year, he has heard but one case involving an Indian juvenile. "They're afraid to be judged at their peers," Chief Managay says. Adds Golden, "It's hard for them to feel that they're not doing something, it's because of pride for them to make a success of it."

Golden is not the only Ontario judge to successfully bring white justice to Canada's native population. Provincial Court judge Mark Legay, who covers the remote northern territories of Fort Severn and Attawapiskat (among others) has been soliciting Indian advice for 10 years. During that period, fewer than 20% have appeared before him a second time.

Golden and Legay are judicial activists, and at least part of their success rests on the isolation and unity of the Indian bands. As Legay says, "In more settled areas the larger order of the Indian community is present, and the moral vision of the chiefs would not be enough."



The Beauséjour: making the punishment fit the 'victim'

into the process." The facts bear out Burnham's enthusiasm for the new approach—of 140 cases the committee has handled only two run-arounds have committed second crimes.

The success of Kingston's new alternative to court has already caught the attention of the federal government. Ottawa has funded the committee for three years to ensure its growth. If the committee's work proves successful over that period, Judge Thomson's concept will probably be adopted by many juvenile courts across the country as they attempt to cope with overloaded courts and the staggering increase in juvenile crime.

CAROLYN LAUBACH

The white man's justice

The case was straightforward: a white youth had been caught breaking into a band office on Christian Island, an Ojibwa reserve in Ontario's Muskoka district. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to appear before Judge William Golden for a

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Travel

TOURISTS MAY BE A PAIN IN THE ISLAND, BUT THEY PAY THE BILLS



Lonely P&L, tourist's paradise: on the sea sets slowly over the island from...

For nine months of each year Prince Edward Island is a sleepy unspoiled patchwork quilt. Then, almost overnight, the 117,000 population swells dramatically and quiet islanders don their workmen's hats to sell rent's workmen and fresh air. But the tourist invasion—straining services and causing considerable traffic congestion—is not always compatible with the islanders' desire for isolation. One usually dignified Charlottetown station, wishing to buy a ticket in Confederation Theatre, spotted, "Strangers, all tourists from away. I'll be lucky to get opening night tickets—and I have none." On the whole, the tourist state doesn't cling to money for long. But Premier Alex Campbell's Liberal government showed concern for the downtown when it commissioned a study, due next month on the impact of tourism on Canada's smallest province.

The groundswelling study, compiled by A&T Associates, Cambridge, Massachusetts, "will clear up myths and point out positive aspects of our tourist industry," says Dennis Macdonald, P&L's go-to deputy minister of Tourism, Parks and Conservation. "The success of tourism has a direct effect on our whole economy." Fisheries can earn money guiding tourists on fishing expeditions. Farmers sell fresh vegetables on the island, thus alleviating transportation problems. And local produce is used to prepare the estimated four million meals consumed by tourists during the summer. Indeed, many are quickly becoming established as one of P&L's top money-makers. This year it will replace the long-standing dependable

fishing to rank second only to farming. Tourism's growth has been spurred by the new daily flights of Eastern Provincial Airways and Air Canada jets into Charlottetown airport. Air traffic was up 4% in June and July—bringing more holiday dollars. Tourist expenditures this year should exceed \$40 million double 1972 revenues. Conversely, the government's cost of catering to tourists remains well under the million-dollar mark. To those who complain about overcrowding, crowded grass and other such problems, the ever accessible Macdonald says, "Six weeks of small inconvenience seems a very price to pay for far-reaching life effects on island life. The benefits outweigh the costs."

Meanwhile, Ottawa, just as this island is a shot of Alberta's of profits, has forced an acquiescent eye to the tide and island's tourist revenue. Last summer held 14th Avenue, minister responsible for Parks Canada, confirmed plans to charge a two-dollar fee to everyone who used P&L's National Park beaches. Within two days, 3,000 tourists signed a petition threatening boycotts and claiming the fee would "change their aura and lifestyle." Critics praised the levy they say has application of the fee is still scheduled for the summer of 1978, although last last month provincial Tourism Minister Gilbert Clement fired off a sharp telegram to Macdonald, charging that "imposed fees would constitute a clear violation of the province's anti-inflation program. The province believes—probably correctly—that the fee would discourage visitors to the

park, the premier tourist attraction on the island.

Tourism is not money profit and the islanders, long stereotyped as island agrarians and fishermen, seek to earn the value of a dollar traveling from across the river. As one Summerside newspaper put it, "If some people think tourists are pests, let them think how poor this place would be without these bucks coming in. More than \$40 million is a good reward for sharing our island with tired city folk eight weeks each summer." **BARBARA MACDONALD**

First class all the way

For most of the world's airlines, 1975 has been a dismal year. Fuel oil prices have jumped again, and the recession has kept passengers away in droves. On the popular North Atlantic routes last year, the number of economy travelers dropped by 7.3%—to 8.8 million. Surprisingly, no such decline affected first-class traffic. On the contrary, the rich and those with expense accounts are flying first class in record numbers. According to a C.F. Air study, some 77% of the higher priced passengers are businessmen, whose companies believe that first-class travel makes employees more efficient. "If you want a man to do a first-class job, send him first class," says Graham Campbell, communications manager for Kertis of Canada, which supplies first class for all international flights longer than six hours.

For their part, the airlines cater assiduously to first-class passengers. Special chicken coq au vin and garnish oranges to salute them. Some the customary surprise facilities. On board, they enjoy wider seats, more leg room, a first-class better service and meals that cost up to \$40 per person and include caviar, lobster and vintage portions of prime roast beef. There are backpackers' suits on British Airways flights, a 16-seat gourmet restaurant on the upstart longhaul service Pan-Amworld 747s and 747s and more classless services on Japan Air Lines. These agreeable falls do not come cheaply. A Toronto-London return ticket now costs \$1,300 compared to the winter economy fare of \$630 and a minimum excursion fare of \$308.

Despite the current buoyancy, not all the signs are optimistic. Last month, the Federal Treasury Board established new policies that prohibit first-class travel by government employees. And with their own wages now controlled, most Canadians will probably be relieved to know that their tax dollars will no longer be buying caviar and champagne for suburban millionaires. **PATRICK MURPHY**

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Films

FRANZ AND FELIX AND RICHIE AND ADOLF, NOT TO MENTION RINGO

LIZ STOMAN

Directed by Ken Russell

"Music, science, is a maker's loving," quips Felix Mendelssohn in a cute philosophical moment in *Lazzarone*. Ken Russell's recent love-love composer biography



Gallery with Sara Kestelbaum. Last oval

The code scribbled to poet Mendelssohn here is undoubtedly Russell's own. He is less eager to explore an artist's psychology than to use the composer's music as a terrain for his own alleged games. In this field he's produced some firsts in shows about Debuss and Elgar and some useful moments about Tchaikovsky and Mahler. *Lazzarone* is, to read, Russellmania.

Felix Last seen through Russell's half-fanciful music is a triple threat. He is a glowering reporter of the 19th-century Russian concert stage, with pubescent, crookedly proper charm for his *Blugramma* Rhapody. He is a spiritualist who music ignites and spells revolutions. He is a savior of threatened subversive music, driving warren into forests with his magic-devised variations on any number of instruments. *Lazzarone* is Ken Russell's fantasia for Pense and Pense.

Nothing is beyond our Ken. Last is played by rock star Roger Daltrey of The Who and Russell's film *Zenny*, who brings to the role an ability to read a keyboard if not to live in the rooms of Russell's dreamlike wandering over the face of the composer's current love last romps with French courtesans and Western princesses occasionally resorting to a giant 30-foot phallus for help. Once Last meets with a Pope represented by Ringo Starr wearing Billy Graham robes and cowboy boots. Artist Last conveys the agonies

ing a composing contract with the devil. And in one of the film's rare executed motifs, artist Last encourages the career of Richard Wagner (played by Paul Neldor), a brutal Nazi who seduces Wagner's own woman. Last's genius from his giggle comes a Superman who is revealed into Hitler and destroyed in a burning World War II Berlin by a charge from a celestial spaceship issued by the now-angelic Last and his crew of semiotic machines.

Lazzarone is good and ghastly but no more so than that other extreme of the filmed composer biography, the pulsating images such as *A Song To Remember* (1944) in which Carolee White as Chopin discovers blood on the streets while

Marie O'Brien as George Sand goes on with unjust reasonability. Honestly now is the idea of Ringo Starr as the Pope any rarer than the idea of Marie O'Brien as George Sand? Does Russell's calculated repudiation like more liberal than the old baroque idiom? Ultimately, of course, the old religious reverence and the new music movement fail; they're both boring. Russell's approach is certainly more inventive and technically imaginative, but his longer is outside of us, leaving only an empty, painful future.

Bob and Faye and the CIA

Directed by the DODOR

Directed by Stephen Posner in *Three Days Of The Condor*, Robert Redford works in the most boring job in the CIA. He has robots and a weird computer read "everything" for clues to foreign riffs of agency activities. It's pretty dull making through Dutch anyone when other CIA folk (the paper tell us) are in possessed cigars and coats versus ball, each to his own place in the intelligence beech, and anyway Redford seems from back one day to find that somebody thought his little french-plant apartment enough to immerse showing all his colleagues. Brisky realizing that a quick of papers kept him from an appointment he's unlikely to be able to miss again. Redford (code name: Condor) even, among

An attempt to get himself needed into the very society of CIA he ingenuously results only in more shootings. He has stumbled, apparently, onto a secret conspiracy which can beneath the underwear. Nobody, clearly, is to be trusted. Redford's superior as an ally. CMT Robert's address Max Von Sydow's exotic coolness and John Houseman's pomposity make them all looking splendid in any on. The only person whose Redford can trust is predictably a stranger, Faye Dunaway, in whose apartment he hides out. With a lower waiting in Vienna, the centerless provides Redford with sympathy, which and sex. Their scenes together display a magnificent openness, it's a pity that these two gorgeous people level themselves as dummies whenever their lips part.

Dunaway's role is a fascinating Hollywood variant on the person possible to victims of Manhattan's violent excesses. She is abducted at gunpoint by a complete stranger, and up and tomorrow as her own apartment, and yet her terms for terms out to be Robert Redford, and terribly nice Redford's persona, instantly, profoundly pushed by events. This conspiracy person was in film is now extremely profitable because it is so highly persuasive, with so much corroborative evidence



Redford and Dunaway: love at first threat

unlike it also provides a clear solution to the old problem of a thriller's love code Sydney Pollack's film, for instance, creates an efficient, fairly mechanical excitement, but at its core is unexciting. Today, the lack of logic within a movie seems to provide it with a more authentic, even documentary favor. Audiences no longer expect to understand events. We now assume that our rate of comprehension will be at least one conspiracy away from the reality.

LEIGHARDER



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Books

NOT ONLY A FORD, BUT A FORD WITH A FLAT TIRE

A FORD NOT A LINDOON
by Richard Reeves
(Macmillan/Bantam, \$19.95)

President Gerald R. Ford has never really lived down the November 25, 1974, edition of *New York magazine*. On the cover of that American weekly, Ford was shown in the costume of "Boss the Clown." The cover-lace read "Lindes and Lindes, the President of the United States by Richard Reeves." Inside in crisp, snail-paced prose, journalist Richard Reeves informed the American public that their thirty-eighty President was a half of an egg, but a man of severely limited intelligence. It is interesting that this attack on the media as a revelation only after they had seen it in print.

Ford for Reeves is a not an incoherent clown as that he is a typical rock-ribbed Republican.



ALAN LLOYD

As Reeves tells it today, the choice of illustrating his article with a cracked-up photo of Ford was shocking to him. "After that cover I tried to go into the White House only when Ford was out of town," writes his Press Secretary Ron Nease. "It was made quite clear to me by a member of my White House contacts that they could no longer afford to be seen talking to me." "Lindes Reeves," that article changed the coverage of Ford. A lot of editors wanted to know why their correspondents weren't telling the real story of what was happening." The *New York* article grew

into the book *Ford, Not A Lindoan*, and now we have the full story of Gerry Ford according to Richard Reeves. It is a gloomy tale relevant only by the wit and skill of its writing. As Reeves sees it, Ford's ascendancy in the White House was a triumph of the strategy of the least objectionable alternative. This strategy holds that rank of some intellectual prowess show a dangerous inclination toward having a point of view. A point of view frequently leads to disaffection and even to popularity is best achieved by being a sort of political Merv Griffin, a pie-in-the-sky, a know-nothing, a know-nothing. In pages of telling anecdote Reeves paints a terrifying picture of the ascent of the compromise to the Presidency of the United States.

But Reeves' credibility is hampered by his own point of view. He equates Ford's intellectual shortcomings with Ford's failure to embrace a set of liberal assumptions to which Reeves subscribes. It is the stubbornness of the Republicans who really do believe in free enterprise, free government, and free trade that Reeves holds against Ford. Fair enough. But these beliefs are not a measure of Ford's ignorance. "Ford," says Reeves, "would give his lunch to a hungry child and then sue against a free milk program for poor schoolchildren." One must be forgiven for suspecting, after the viciousness of Reeves' book, that he himself would always vote for free milk in the abstract but might not share his lunch with its source. Reeves suffers from the classic liberal's dilemma. He no longer loves plain folk at a safe distance but at close quarters finds them offensively conservative. There seems to be only one solution to this problem: a weekly review. And given the 1976 President still looks a little as though he will be disappointed again. **BARBARA AMER.**

Above and beyond the kitchen
THE REALMS OF GOLD
by Margaret Drabble
(Macmillan/HBJ, \$19.95)

Margaret Drabble, at 36, has become the spokesperson for a generation of articulate, intelligent but constrained middle-class English women: women who himself her first as best-selling novels all himself women who think (about their little children, their homes, their work) and her characters oppressed modern women at their most alienated. But although Drabble's early novels were clever and sharp, they had the unsatisfactory whiff of *The Ladies Home Journal*. Her main char-

acters were always ladies-in-waiting. Her latest novel is a breakthrough.

In *The Realms Of Gold* Drabble has taken revenge on critics who considered her voice bounded by the kitchen sink. The book's heroine, Frances Waggon, is a nervous, frustrated woman who transforms herself into a whole human being. We are introduced to Waggon, a divorced archaeologist, when she is at the height of her professional success. Her career satisfaction has been qualified, but she has become hard, brittle. She leans on Karel, her lover of seven years, cynicism and tears from her country in country on the isolated coast "with this terrible sense in her chest." The action of *The Realms Of Gold* centres on her removal of this sense. Like all of Drabble's heroines, Frances must go home again. She digs into her own past as the once-estranged a Phoenician city in order to trace her expression back to their origin and revitalize herself. The catalyst is her second cousin, David, a book reviewer for the first time in a long time as an editor. Discovering kinship with her selfish Frances and then her to go back to her relationship with Karel. Drabble writes about this transformation with unusual evolutionary imagery (if Karel's regeneration is a rebirth with new and long) and Frances becomes a combination of the sophisticated and the primitive.

Reeves must be the only piece of woman's fiction with a happy ending since the onslaught of Women's Liberation. Drabble has at last found a way to root her formidable human vision and has lifted herself out of the ranks of ordinary women writers. With this novel, she has even left the queen of women's fiction, Doris Lessing, behind. **ADRIE LEE PERRYMAN**

A child's garden of erotica
SHOW ME
by Dr. Ingrid Pineschauer-Hardt
(Macmillan, \$14.95)

It was like seeing one's maiden aunt around for keeping a lonely house. Macmillan of Canada, known in the publishing world for its established authors (Robertson Davies, Hugh MacLennan), and its gentle efficiency (in contrast to the heady world of contemporaryism that your devoted readership for which) was charged in Toronto last month with "preparation for the purposes of distribution of obscene written material." "Obscene material?" From Macmillan? Yes, a cellophane-wrapped sex-education book of photographs and text titled *Show Me*.

According to *Metropolis*, Toronto's

Ron Cabana

Dry white Ron Cabana Rum conjures up the true spirit of the Caribbean; sun and yachts and glittering water—and all that goes with it.

Ron Cabana has a smooth, silky taste with a hint of the exotic—a superb white rum. Try it long and cool with your favourite mix and lots of chunky ice. Sip it quietly "on the rocks" for a tangy, bitter-sweet experience.

We can't blame you if you want to keep Ron Cabana for yourself. But, when the sun poses the yard-arm, your crew might be getting a bit restless too.



...take some along
for the crew.



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Some things you should know...because what you don't know can hurt you!

1. Can crushed garlic really work as an antibiotic to clear up dangerous symptoms in humans?
2. Do commercially sold hair dyes really have cancer-causing agents as ingredients?
3. How many consumers die due to market testing of new drugs with unknown future side effects?
4. Are synthetic flavours really safe and why do manufacturers ardently refuse to reveal their contents?
5. How many potentially dangerous chemical and biological warfare test areas are now operating in Canada?
6. Why is the United States still building three hydrogen bombs per day and where are they putting them all?



Join Dr. David Suzuki
Wednesday 8:03 p.m.
(8:33 p.m. NST)

Quirks & Quarks



A mere half dozen things you should know about. There are hundreds more. Like how your body can become dangerously resistant to antibiotics. And like the hidden dangers experiments currently being carried out that could affect whole populations if accidentally misused.

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No fancy scientific jargon. Just straight talk on scientific matters as they affect you. Because what you don't know can hurt you. Good enough reason to listen!

Monthly signed the book lived up to its title a little too enthusiastically. A few weeks after the US version of *Show Me!* (originally published in Germany) arrived at customs, local representatives of Revenue Canada declared the book "sensitive"



Show Me! photo: somebody said a cup!

and (subtly) refused to admit it. A Maclean's delegation, headed by president George W. Gilman, a historian, and a staunch supporter of the senior editor's home, Langdon Lodge, next to Ottawa's Glebe, presented G. L. Brown, Deputy Minister of Revenue Canada, with nine copies of *The Joy Of Sex*, *More Joy Of Sex*, *Love*, and *Show Me!* The minister might have resisted any one of these but their combined impact proved to be too much. The law was lifted.

Toronto police were not reassured by Brown's intervention. They sent *Show Me!* to York County Attorney Peter Rickaby who suggested that if the book showed up in his jurisdiction (mostly Metropolitan Toronto) he would show Maclean's Canadian Maclean's five distributed it to some outside Toronto who made much capital of "banned in Toronto" poster. In mid-September Maclean's put Peter Rickaby to the test. On October 2 the law struck. Two plainclothesmen arrived at the Maclean's office, headbashed discreetly jumping under their desks. Employees collectively held the breach warning to see George W. Gilman being led from his office. To their mild disappointment, the plainclothesmen merely removed Maclean's last 17 copies of the book.

Show Me! terms out to be as silly as it is harmless. Its black and white photographs depicted what the liberalists all wrapped up in the jargon of discovering their genitals. The last months' very recent progressive date about children and sexuality, while really revealing the author's own bias (homosexuality is normal, aggressive is abnormal). It's no mystery why the book is so popular overseas since in Germany and the United States political societies are the most fertile ground for current attempts to be socially enlightened. Author Fleischman-Bird

lessons on the free of unshared sexuality watching the Taxation department.

If the action to ban the book was absurd, the trial scheduled for sometime in December promises to be even more so. The battle lines have already been drawn. Maclean's will be forced to argue that the book is not obscene, that under existing law it cannot argue that it should be left to distribute any book it chooses. The Canadian League for Democracy is against the book. Toronto's Rabbi W. Gendler plans to file a Tendency for Canadian News and Beryl Chomsky are wild about it. Court watchers can expect a parade of literary and professional people who, in order to defend an individual's right to read what he chooses, may feel compelled to wage the process of a ludicrous book. It is a pity that to defend one's right to read what he chooses, one must argue that the book is not obscene and with concern for Canada in every passage.

It isn't possible here to analyze Gendler's policy package in detail, but I don't need to jump the gun as I did in 1963 when he was finance minister. At that time I vigorously attacked his budget proposals and his 30% capital levy on sales of Canadian companies to foreign corporations. He responded that when I believed could never happen. But the U.S. government would direct the purchasing, disband and investment policies of American subsidiaries.

More from the prophet
STORM SIGNALS: NEW ECONOMIC POLICIES FOR CANADA
By Walter Gordon
(McClintock and Stewart, \$7.95 cloth, \$3.95 paperback)

Storm Signals explores the changes needed in Canada's economic policies. The style and substance are pure Walter Gordon: the book is written without rancor and with concern for Canada in every passage.

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MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST FICTION

- 1 The Stone Walker, Mowat (1)
- 2 Brenda Starr, Roberts (2)
- 3 Corbin, Christie (1)
- 4 World Of Wonders, Devine (6)
- 5 The Moneychangers, Huxley (4)
- 6 Shogun, Clavin (1)
- 7 Looking For Mr. Goodbar, Anwar (5)
- 8 Regatta, Cusack (2)
- 9 Maclean's Q&A, Brown
- 10 A Fine Art Private Place, Callaghan

NONFICTION

- 1 Halfpenny Canada, Bester (2)
- 2 Bring On The Englishman, Mowat (1)
- 3 One Canada, Steinbocker
- 4 The Ancient Of Days, Brown (1)
- 5 Mike Wallace Thinks, Pearson (2)
- 6 T.M. Macdonald (1)
- 7 Total Fitness, Mowat/Huxley/Greene (3)
- 8 Helen Steiner, Apple (1)
- 9 Mowat, Clavin (1)
- 10 Gendler, Steinman (1)

(1) previous list only
Prepared with the aid of the
Canadian Bookellers Association

abroad. When the Americans did just that in 1962, a number of firm believers in the free flow of international capital, including me, reviewed their positions.

Walter Gordon, in this book, is troubled by foreign corporate power which I would not see as a major economic problem to be corporate power, domestic or foreign. He recommends that all the larger foreign controlled or companies be transferred to Canadian, while I believe that some reasonable resources should be applied by strong corporations. Proper planning requires taking the long and short views, the private sector must always try to maximize immediate resource profits at the expense of future needs. Gordon recommends free-

ble exchange rates, free trade, relatively easy monetary policy, and a commitment to control pricing in oligopolistic sectors of the economy. It is easy to agree with all of that. He also proposes leaving Canadian ownership in the 32 largest foreign controlled corporations within the next 10 years, and he will be chaffing on that on the grounds that Canadians could find much better uses for their scarce investment funds.

Gordon is too gentle in his appraisal of our economic conditions although the York Club, where he and I dined some time ago, will not like this book. But when it comes to speaking out for Canada, I will take Gordon every time. **ERIC KIRKMAN**

You can take a White Horse anywhere.

Ah Toronto! Just when class was in her grasp, she reverted to form

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The interesting cities have certain identifying landmarks. In Montreal, it is the Marianne Bar at the basement of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Sherbrooke. In London, the round madonnas that enslave with two and four wheels is in the narrow corridors of Jernsey Street and Duke of York Street, back of Simpson's just below Piccadilly. Paris? The polished gold man around the windows of the expensive shops on the Rue de la Paix that slumps up off the Tuileries Gardens to the Paris Opera.

Toronto? The "world's tallest, greatest city"? The pride of place is now an entry in the Guinness Book of Records—a collection of concrete slabs piled high into the sky three any other pole of assistance. It is called the CN Tower, the "tallest freestanding structure in the world." After day.

The past year, observing Toronto's almost frantic slaving over this colossal Meccano scheme has been one of the more surprising (and if candidly) experiences of a longtime Toronto-watcher. The city, by going head-on over vulgar statistics, is a prime example of a community indulging in municipal megalomania. Toronto, which a year ago seemed ripe to become a proud adherent to Canada's leading city, has dropped its sensibilities and exposed itself in public. It reminds an observant visitor—witnessing the sensually obscene with a mixture of horror and fascination—of a fairly sophisticated woman who suddenly has turned herself up with steel-wire moustache, plastic white boots and high heels.

The problem with poor Toronto is that the city is without any outstanding topographical features. A city, to have character, must have some features: some virtue. Spend all day in Toronto and all you can see is a city. You cannot lift these eyes up from anything but non-made megalomania. There are no hills to look down from, or up to. The morning mist of water of Lake Ontario is virtually mirrored off from the city. It is a debilitating experience just to be an uninitiated "Toronian" (say) be the main appropriate word.

It is completely understandable, therefore, that when you have a city that is visually sterile there is a need to erect a phallic symbol in an attempt at mechanical machismo. The rationale is obvious. A phallic symbol that is also a look at Toronto's rather sensually obscene as to the CN Tower, would advise the city to take a cold shower and lie down on the couch for a spell.

The whole thing is so perplexing. There was a day, of course, when Toronto's



Hey Toronto: a case of pathetic phallicism

pride reputation for portentiousness was fully justified. The first time I saw the Toronto in a hat, I arrived on a late plane and checked into the Royal York close to midnight. Never having heard the famed rising sun of Montreal, I decided to take a stroll around what I assumed would be the adjacent downtown area. After several blocks in the dark, at what I took to be a deserted warehouse district, I turned to the hotel, guessing that it was located on the outskirts of the city. It was not until I walked far to the north, where I then heard the oppressive criers of the Royal York in fact were the lower reaches of Bay Street, in daytime the very essence of all that was sordid and dear to Canada's financial warfare. It was indeed in those days a city run by the tastes of puffed Presbyterian fiends.

Since then, however, it has become somewhat of a fun of Toronto. The city has enjoyed immensurably in the last half-dozen years. The carved towers of Vito Rossi's city hall made it the most interesting new building in the world until the

advent of the high-rise Opera House. There were definite possibilities of elegance in the Moon-Yorkville sector—still the only portion of Toronto in which walking is a pleasure. The Harbour Castle complex is two has stirred Torontoans to the reality that they live on the water.

Things were going so swimmingly that I could even consider of living in Toronto—if only something could be arranged about the unspeakable weather. However, I understood that it was the jurisdiction of God and I plan to speak to Her about it.

We all agreed—did we not?—that the city at last was growing up. Architectural journals snickered over the new usage. *Forwards* pointed that "tallest greatest city" tag on the tower. Two devoted a cover. It was like finally being able to relax over a sweetly teenage girl who had shed her propriety and was about to discover how to spell love. From now on the vulgarians with all the power in last learning some table manners.

Indeed? Indeed, we learned to deny this exercise its genuine reality, the obsession with the form of carpenter and steelworkers. In this way Vienna achieved her fame? San Francisco? The rising adjectives over the physical dimensions of the CN Tower is really mind-boggling of the fan over morose during, gilded yellowing, and the world's new water-water balancing record.

The most depressing aspect of all is that the "world's tallest freestanding structure" of course is not any height record at all—even in 1915 fell five inches. Toronto coughing nervously into a public relations handkerchief adds the "Tallestest" coiled in an attempt to overcome the 75 tower in Pilsen, Poland, that reaches 2,115 feet, but is second by gap years. It is this really the way one struggles for pre-eminence with the cool grace and class of Montreal? By getting into a shouting contest with Pilsen, Poland? Does New York push toward Chicago? BC? Does Moscow take on Baygor Regal?

The whole thing depresses me. It is supposed to be the jewels from the boomtimes who are forever carrying on about growing the world's largest cowshed or acquiring the universe's largest collection of Coca-Cola cups. Toronto one presumed one hoped was proudly had risen above such minutiae. The city had class within its grasp—and missed it.

I thought Toronto the world's second great city had grown up. Alas I was wrong. Toronto My Fair Lady? Not Toronto's Gipsy Mags.

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